

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow*

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## THE C.N. FOR EMPIRE BUILDERS

See  
Page  
Two

### THE SLEEPER WAKES MAUNA LOA IN ANGRY MOOD

Giant Volcano Pours Out a  
Cataract of Fire

### CRATERS THAT RESEMBLE THE MOON'S

Mauna Loa, the great volcano of Hawaii, has been in angry mood and the worst eruption for half a century or more has just occurred.

From steamships and aeroplanes people watched the fiery outburst of the volcano which from its towering height broods over the bubbling crater of Kilauea, and all their accounts are full of the grandeur of the scene as flames seemed to lick the clouds and cataracts of lava flowed down to the sea.

There were scientific observers too, some of whom have been measuring and computing the rise and fall of the lava in Kilauea's basin for several years, trying to find how and when and why the outbursts and the earthquake tremors take place. Their studied observations will presently reach us—but how different they will be from the way the volcano's explosion appeared to the mind of the native Hawaiian!

#### On the Edge of the Volcano

When Mauna Loa's white crest was hidden in steam and smoke the old Hawaiian Kahunas, the priests and medicine men, fell on their knees, repeating incantations to the fiery goddess Pele, begging her to stay the destruction that threatened the island. To the Hawaiian, though he lives on the edge of a volcano, it must have seemed that, in spite of all that the people on ships and aeroplanes had taught him, the end of his island was at hand and all the world about to be overwhelmed "in unremorseful clouds of rolling fire."

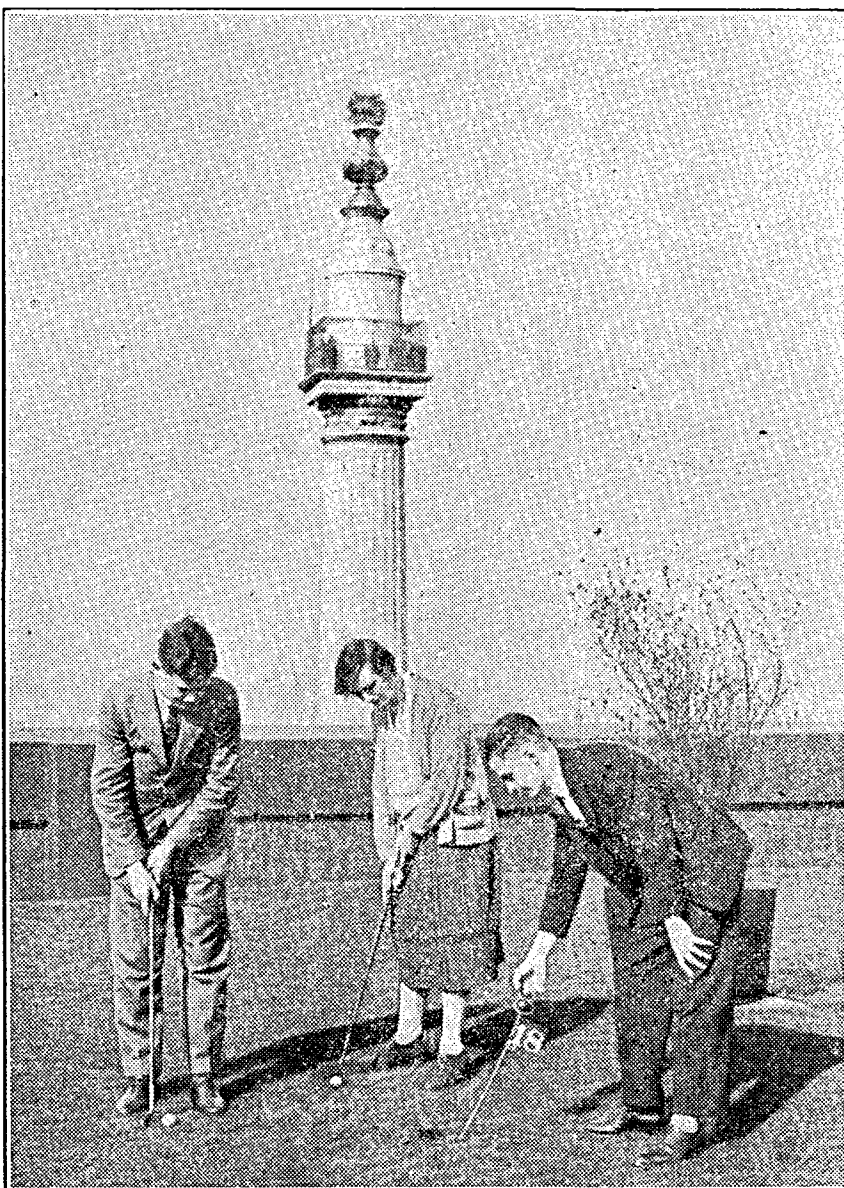
The prayers of the medicine men did not stay the might of their goddess. From Mauna Loa's three new-born craters the lava streams poured down, joining to form a river that flowed into the sea and set the Bay of Kona boiling. At night the flaming craters, now and then bursting into fountains of up-thrown incandescent ash, lit up the clouds of steam above them, till it seemed as if the sky were burning.

#### A Village Buried by Lava

But the priests could point to one effect of their prayers. Not one life was lost. Though the village Hoopuloa was buried beneath the lava flow the inhabitants got away in time. Before Pele's angry tears gathered into flood the trickles from the craters had given timely warning.

So perhaps the Hawaiians believe that the power of Pele was broken when in the days of Keoua a native princess scaled the mountain to defy the goddess. But that was as long ago as 1790, and it was then the crater of Kilauea which

### The Golf Links of London Bridge



The roof of Adelaide House, a great office building at the foot of London Bridge, has been covered with turf and laid out as a golf putting-course. Here we see workers from the offices in the building practising golf during the lunch hour, with Wren's Monument to the Great Fire of London in the background

burst into violent eruption. According to the native legend, both volcanoes used in earlier ages to boil up, and Kilauea, before the outflows which inundated the country, used to break into eruptions, throwing up with violent explosions huge rocks and red hot stones, as Mauna Loa seems to have done.

Both volcanoes are known to science as quiet ones, in which there are hardly any explosive outbreaks but only occasional wellings over of the lava. Mauna Loa's outbreak shows that the Hawaiian tradition of them is a fact.

This outbreak was a harmless one, though such a magnificent sight, and though for some time the aeroplanes could not venture over the lava outflows because the air was so heated for two-thirds of a mile above them, it was not long before the United States airmen were able to fly over and take photographs. In a few days Mauna Loa had gone to sleep again, after giving this dramatic reminder of its hidden forces. If any airman flying over the slopes

of Mauna Loa and the crater of Kilauea at night had glanced upward to the Moon he would have seen in the volcanoes below him a resemblance to the lunar craters. Of all the Earth's volcanoes these of Hawaii most resemble those of the Moon, and the crater of Kilauea was probably formed in the same way. There is first the formation of a dome, then its subsidence, the breaking down into a cauldron, an explosive interval, and subterranean outflows—in Hawaii to the sea.

Kilauea and its big brother Mauna Loa are tiny by comparison with the Moon craters, but small as they are they tell us much of the early history of the Earth, and this last outbreak, the most violent since 1868, was as awe-inspiring as it was splendid. At one time three great rents of Mauna Loa were spouting flame that seemed to mingle with the clouds above the mountain, and three streams of fire coursed through the snow and the forests to the sea.

*Pictures on page 7*

### ROBINSON CRUSOES OF BRITAIN

Castaway for Six Days  
Without Food

### TALE OF AN IRISH ISLAND

It is almost incredible that two men could be marooned for six days on an island as near home as the Galway coast. This extraordinary thing has happened to John Mullen and his son Joseph, and we are glad to think that they have lived to tell the tale.

These two sailed to Brannock Island, off Aran, to collect seaweed, and they moored their boat in a little landing creek. A sudden storm came when they were almost ready to go home; the wind changed and the sea rose high, and the two saw their boat wrenched away from the little creek and swept out to sea.

A spell of terrible weather followed, rain and hailstorms and cold wind. The night came on them thus, and the day, and another night, and in this way four days were spent by the father and son, without shelter, with no food except weeds and no water except a dirty rain pool, on that cruel and barren island.

They watched all the daylight for a boat of some sort to go by. The only way they could keep warm was to run about, and that became impossible as their strength failed.

#### Watching for a Boat

On the fourth day an English trawler was passing by, and it chanced that her look-out saw signals from Brannock Island. They could not land there, and they went back to Kilronan to find a boat that could make the little creek.

A rescue party of five men, with food and drink packed in a barrel, set off the following morning. But again the seas were running high, and it was impossible to land. The two on the island gave themselves up for lost. Then they saw the men in the boat heave a barrel overboard. It drifted slowly toward the island, ebbed away, drifted back again, and the castaways managed to drag it ashore.

The next day another rescue party set out, and this time a boat succeeded in making the little landing creek safely. Father and son were taken on board, almost too weak and exhausted to speak, and were soon on the mainland, fed with hot food, and put to bed.

### THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

"Tell me a story" is every child's demand, and the City Fathers of Bradford have risen to the occasion like parents, and have found for the town's children an official story-teller.

Mrs. Bancroft collects at the town libraries all the children who will come and tells them bed-time stories, not of dragons and ogres, but of the heroes and heroines of the past. In the long winter evenings more than 12,000 children have listened to her.



## PERILS UNDERGROUND FEEDING A WALLED-IN PONY

Boy Who was Lost in a Mine  
A RUNAWAY ANIMAL

In this workaday world it often seems that people are thinking only for themselves, and it is glorious to see how, at a minute's notice, they will risk their very lives for their fellow men.

A story reminding us of this comes from the mines of the north, from that underground world where death seems always ready to pounce.

There was a huge fall of stone at Whitburn Colliery, South Shields. It crashed down suddenly, without the slightest warning, and buried six miners and a pony. By the greatest good fortune, just as he saw the smash coming, one man was able to give the alarm.

### Rescue Work Begins

From all hands the miners hurried to the place of the disaster, and they saw in horror that the fallen roof had made a block of from 12 to 14 yards. They knew that if their comrades had been caught by the fall there was no hope. They shouted, and waited, and shouted again. Then someone heard a faint tap from beyond the monstrous barrier. Someone, at any rate, was alive.

The rescue work began, and a thrilling story it makes. Men had to hack at the fallen masses to get underneath, to make some sort of tunnel of escape. A great number helped, and on two seemed to fall the giant's share of danger. They were Joseph Rowley and Robert Farrer.

### Human Wedges

These brave men crawled under the great blocks of stone, taking the weight on their bodies, risking a further crash, which would mean instant death. They just acted as if they were wedges, and kept that heroic and deadly position until the busy picks had worked out a hole big enough for the entombed men to be dragged through.

When the six men were hauled out, none the worse, rescued from a ghastly fate, the toilers felt themselves fully rewarded and needed no thanks.

The next question was the pony, which so far was unhurt. A great deal of picking had to be done before the tunnel under the fall could be enlarged for his escape, and meanwhile food and water were passed through the hole to him.

### Lost for 30 Hours

Another tale of the underworld has ended happily. Thomas Forster, the 16-year-old pony boy who was lost for 30 hours in a Durham pit, has been found and taken out alive.

Tom tells us now that he had let go the pony to relight his lamp, which had gone out. The pony bolted. The lamp had no oil in it, and would not light. Tom was lost in the mine. He left all clues possible—blocks on the roadway, his muffler on a stone—but still no friendly voices hailed him.

The searchers found him asleep, exhausted and starving, about a mile from his working place. He is no worse for the ordeal and is back in the pit again.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Assegai . . . . .	As-se-gay
Hawaii . . . . .	Hah-wy-e
Kilauea . . . . .	Ke-lau-a-ah
Kobe . . . . .	Ko-bay
Padua . . . . .	Pad-u-ah
Pavia . . . . .	Pah-ve-ah
Seychelles . . . . .	Say-shel
Sulina . . . . .	Soo-lee-nah
Wahabis . . . . .	Wah-hah-beez

## BRITAIN'S NEW PRINCESS

THE FOURTH LADY IN  
THE LAND

Little Maid Who May One  
Day Reign as Queen

A CURIOUS QUESTION  
OF SUCCESSION

The baby born to the Duke and Duchess of York is a very important little lady indeed. Already she is a princess of the United Kingdom and the fourth lady in the land (the other three being her grandfather, mother the Queen, her aunt Princess Mary, and her own mother), and some day she may actually be Queen of England.



The Duchess of York

At present she is third from the throne. That is to say, if the Prince of Wales remained unmarried and the Duke of York had no sons she would ascend the throne next after the Prince and the Duke. Before she came her uncles, Prince Henry and Prince George, were third and fourth from the throne; now she steps in front of them.

### King's First Granddaughter

The new princess is the first granddaughter but not the first grandchild of the King: his daughter Princess Mary has two little boys, but as their father Viscount Lascelles is not a prince they are not princes. Still, their mother comes next after her brothers and their children in the order of succession, and if she became Queen her elder son would succeed her.

Of course, if any little brothers come to the new princess they will step in front of her as she has stepped in front of her father's younger brothers. What if she has a sister and no brothers? Most people would suppose that that would make no difference, and that the elder daughter would succeed as a matter of course. But this, it appears, is not so. A decision would have to be made between them; or perhaps the Crown would be put in Commission, that is, not placed on the head of any one of them, but the three together would exercise the functions of the sovereign. The question has already arisen twice.

When Edward VI died without children it was by a special Act of Parliament passed in the reign of her father Henry VIII that Queen Mary succeeded before her sister Elizabeth. And when James II forfeited his crown for himself and his son by flight it was by right of conquest as the wife of William that Mary II and William took precedence of her sister Anne, and not because she was the elder daughter.

### The Succession of Sisters

Thus neither of these events is held to have settled the question of the order of succession of sisters, and if our present King had died without heirs the question which of his sisters should succeed him would have had to be settled without reference to either Mary I or Mary II. So that the Princess Royal (the Dowager Duchess of Fife), Princess Victoria, and the Queen of Norway must be regarded as holding equally the next place in the succession after the King's own family. And in the same way the new little princess and any sisters who come after her must rank as equal till a decision shall be made between them.

## THE KNIGHT OF UGANDA

SIR APOLO KAGWA  
COMES TO LONDON

A Great African Soldier and  
Statesman

HOW HE SAVED HIS KING'S LIFE

A great general and statesman of Negro blood who is visiting London has a romantic career behind him.

This is Sir Apolo Kagwa, Katikero, or Prime Minister, to the King of Baganda, the chief province of the Uganda Protectorate. He is one of the few Negroes, and the only Negro Prime Minister, with a British title. He was in London for the coronation of King Edward, when people were astonished by his enormous size.

Sir Apolo had a lively introduction to the politics of his country when, only 24 years old, he was a page of honour to the bloodthirsty King Mwanga. Mwanga disliked the Christians among his subjects, converted by missionaries sent out at the instance of Sir H. M. Stanley, and he resolved to have them massacred. Apolo and another page protested. The other page was dispatched on the spot, and the King wounded Apolo in the head with his hatchet, but dared not have him killed.

### A Plot Discovered

It was only a year or two later that the King owed his life to his former page. Still hating the Christians, and the Mohammedans too, he plotted to entice the people of both faiths into a desert island in Lake Nyanza and leave them there to die. But his plan was discovered, and it was only the intervention of Kagwa which prevented his incensed people from destroying him.

But Mwanga's brother Kiwewa, who then became king, turned Mohammedan, and he too attacked the Christians, so that Kagwa was driven to join in restoring his old enemy to his throne. The Mohammedans were defeated after a brilliant campaign under Kagwa, who then became Prime Minister.

It was Kagwa who persuaded the Protestant and Catholic Christians to forget their own feuds in the fight against the Mohammedans, and it was Kagwa, too, who placed his forces under the leadership of Sir Frederick Lugard and accepted the British Protectorate under which his country has since prospered.

### King Dies a Prisoner

For the last 26 years Sir Apolo Kagwa has been Prime Minister not to King Mwanga but to his son, King Daudi Chwa, for Mwanga revolted against the British and in his turn proclaimed himself a Mohammedan. He ended his days a prisoner in the Seychelles Islands.

It was under the inspiration of the Prime Minister that the people of Baganda built their great cathedral, men, women, and children joining to carry the clay for the bricks many miles in baskets on their heads. The cathedral was destroyed by lightning, only to be rebuilt, this time with great stone pillars under the brick domes, the chieftains, under Sir Apolo's chairmanship, subscribing £10,000 to its cost.

## JAPAN'S LUCKY BOX 1000 Trees for London

The Town Council of Tokyo and the London County Council are now carrying out their exchange of trees, and the Japanese authorities have sent to London over a thousand trees and shrubs. These have safely arrived and been examined with great interest.

All kinds of trees and shrubs are included in this lucky box, among them thirty varieties of flowering plums and cherries. Some of them we know, and some are strange to London. They are to be planted in parks and open spaces, so we shall be able to watch them and appreciate their beauty.

## CANADA'S HAPPY SETTLERS

GOOD NEWS FROM A  
FAR COUNTRY

The C.N. Keeps the Home  
Fires Burning

MARYLEBONE'S FINE EXAMPLE

King Solomon once wrote "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

The C.N. is a wonderful cure for homesick people abroad, and no one knows it better than the Guardians of Marylebone. They are going to send it out to some boys and girls in Canada.

The Marylebone Board of Guardians have long been trying to open up a wide and glorious future for some of their young people, and since 1920 they have sent 28 out to Canada to find a new life there. These emigrants find Canada a wonderful place and they are happy in their adopted homes. They have written to Marylebone to say so.

### News from the Homeland

But they have also said, rather pathetically, that they would be a good deal happier if they could hear news from England from time to time. In other words, these young emigrants are feeling homesick.

The Marylebone Guardians, keeping an eye on their sons and daughters across the water, have thought over the problem. Someone reminded them that there was a bit of money left from the Christmas Treat Fund, and what about sending the Children's Newspaper over for the youngsters and the Overseas Daily Mail for those a bit older?

This seemed to the Guardians a capital idea, and it is to be carried out. Readers of the C.N. at home are glad to think of the boys and girls from Marylebone reading the C.N. out in Canada and saying to someone: "Oh, I remember that! And I know just where that is."

### The C.N. in the New World

These emigrants who are going to live splendid lives in the New World will learn that the C.N. means home. The C.N. is interested in boys and girls all the world over, is proud of them, sorry for them when the game goes wrong for the time being, and is glad when they are getting up and playing again.

To every part of the Empire the C.N. goes; it is one of the links that hold the great community of English-speaking people together; and the C.N. gladly welcomes into this circle the friends who have found a new home across the sea.

## THINGS SAID

Human suffering appeals to the modern girl as much as it did in the past. *Matron of University College Hospital*

The solution of the coal problem is not legislation but invention.

*Sir Alfred Mond*

To my mind it is safer to fly than it is to travel on a motor-bicycle.

*Sir Sifton Brancher*

There is a danger of children reading books on English literature without reading English literature.

*The Dean of Gloucester*

It depends upon ourselves whether we make work sordid and common or beautiful and wonderful.

*Mr. Alfred Wilkinson*

Intelligent drama in this country is supported only by people who can barely support themselves.

*Mr. James Agate*

There is a crying need for a theatre which will give to the world performances of Shakespeare comparable with the Wagner performances at Bayreuth.

*Mr. Archibald Flower*



## ARE THERE PEOPLE AT THE POLE?

### CAPTAIN AMUNDSEN'S DREAM

#### An Air Station in the Frozen North

#### THE ARCTIC MYSTERY LAND

When Captain Amundsen was still completing his plans to take the airship Norge across the Polar seas he said that he and his companions were not Pole-seekers but land-hunters.

In the rapid flight which was the best he could hope for he and his companions could not expect to see much. Remembering the fogs which harassed him and Mr. Ellsworth when in aeroplanes they made that dash toward the Pole which but for their courage and resolution might have ended so tragically, he thought that perhaps they would see nothing but that terrible frozen sea of ice floes on which so many Arctic explorers have perished, or before which they have had to turn back.

#### What Peary Saw

But perhaps they might see the half-fabled bit of land which Peary thought he saw near the Pole. Others have said that Peary was mistaken, that his sight of land was only a mirage. But English geographers who have examined Peary's claims to have reached the Pole, and who have seen his maps, believe that he did pass within ten miles of the Pole, either this side of it or beyond it, and if he fairly and squarely believed there was land thereabouts his testimony remains to this day the best authority.

He may have been mistaken, but if he was not then this land of his vision is the rarest bit of land in the world. It is one on which no other human eye is known to have rested. Scarcely a bird can have seen it.

Yet Captain Amundsen thought there was another possibility. If such an island in the frozen ocean exists it must have shallower seas and inlets about it. Sometimes the ice would creep back from its frigid shores, and if that happened seals would have a temporary footing there, and sea birds would build their nests in early summer.

#### In the Grip of the Ice

In that solitude there may be an abode of life, and Amundsen dreamed of a rarer possibility still. Many ships have been crushed in these seas; their crews have never returned from that million square miles of desolation.

But suppose some one of the crews of the hundred or more whalers caught in the ice-floes' murderous grip had drifted into the ice-pack till they were carried to the shores of that unknown Polar island! They could have lived. They could, perchance, have survived the cruel winters and scraped an existence through the summers, though they never could have escaped their prison.

It seems impossible. One can hardly believe it possible. Yet it is not beyond all hoping or dreaming—and if Amundsen's dream were true! But if there is an island, even though no man has set foot on it, such a place might become an aeroplane landing-stage of the future.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

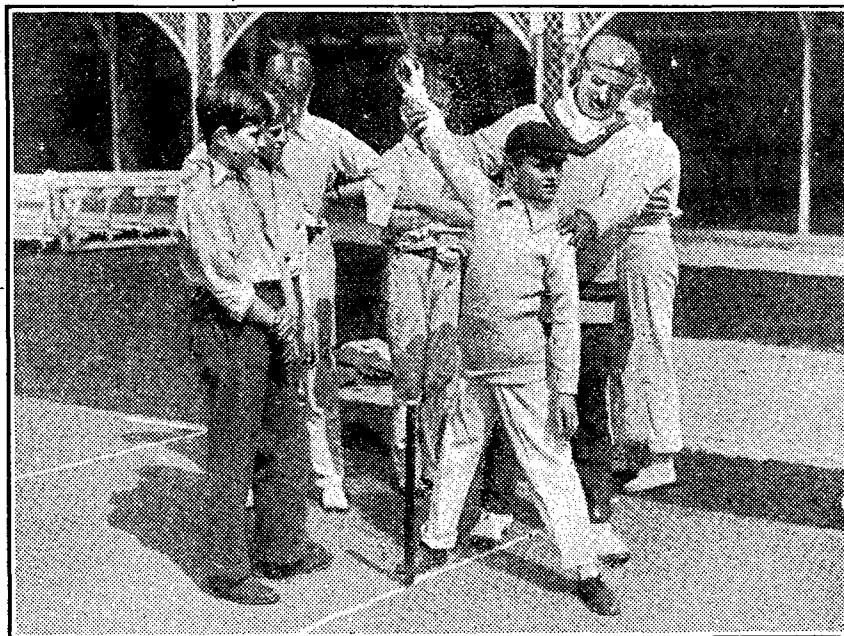
Painting by Murillo . . . . .	£2100
A MS. by Thomas Hardy . . . . .	£1500
Portrait by Raeburn . . . . .	£714
Drawing by Birket Foster . . . . .	£262
Pair of Chinese vases . . . . .	£250
A Kilmarnock Burns, 1786 . . . . .	£145
A Bow china figure . . . . .	£110
A Louis XV table . . . . .	£100
Pair of Queen Anne chairs . . . . .	£60
A Sung sarcophagus of 1077 . . . . .	£46
Schloss's Bijou Almanac of 1843 . . . . .	£5

A practically complete set of the novels and writings of Anthony Trollope sold separately realised altogether £513.

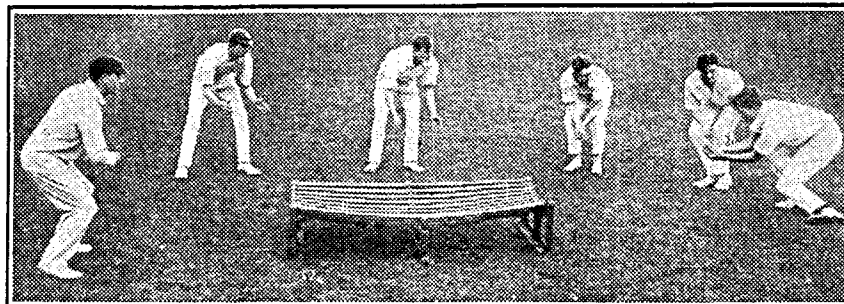
## THE CRICKET SEASON BEGINS



A device for teaching batsmen to keep a straight bat



A class of boys learning to bowl



Fielding practice with a slip-catcher



A lesson in batting style

Cricket is in full swing once again, and in these pictures we see schoolboys at Lord's taking lessons in the game from county players. The slip-catcher shown in one picture is a grooved trough which deflects at unexpected angles the ball which is thrown into it, thus providing good practice for slip fielders.

## A SURPRISE FOR A DOCTOR

### THE OLD WARRANT

#### And the Sheriff who Used it After 45 Years

#### A CURIOUS TALE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY

We have often heard about the length of the arm of the law, but we did not know that it would stretch over forty-five years.

A little while ago an old gentleman whose home is at Asbury Park, New Jersey, celebrated his ninety-third birthday. His name is Dr. Edwin Pye Turner Osbaldeston, an Englishman of many associations and long memories. He had some great stories to tell at his birthday party, and he reminded everybody that he is the oldest man living who fought in the Crimean War.

The Asbury Park papers printed an account of the old gentleman's birthday, and published a photograph of him.

#### A Stolen Horse and Trap

It happened that a copy of one paper fell into the hands of another old gentleman, aged 91. He is Sheriff Foster Black of Binghamton, New York. Now, there is one thing in his life that Sheriff Black has never forgotten, much less forgiven. Forty-five years ago he caught a man called Edwin Turner who had stolen a horse and trap.

Turner was clapped into Broome County Gaol and presently succeeded in escaping. The police managed to get hold of the stolen goods, but no one could get hold of the thief.

Sheriff Black, bearing another warrant for his arrest, searched the county high and low and failed to find his man. He had a passion for duty and could not bear being beaten. It distressed him sorely to think that Edwin Turner was somewhere at large, though the term of his sentence had long ago passed.

#### The Veteran Arrested

Forty-five years rolled away. The ninety-one-year-old sheriff, looking at a newspaper, saw the name Edwin Pye Turner Osbaldeston. Part of that name was branded on his mind. What must he do but start ransacking his old dusty papers until he came on the warrant for the arrest of Edwin Turner, escaped prisoner from Broome County Gaol.

The sheriff put it in his pocket and, a fierce joy in his heart, set out for Asbury Park, New Jersey, found the home of the oldest survivor of the Crimean War, tapped that astounded old gentleman on the shoulder, and said, "Edwin Turner, I arrest you in the name of the law."

There was what we might call a shindy in Dr. Osbaldeston's home. No matter what he said, or what anybody said, the arm of the law had got him, and he was haled off to the common lock-up, and there passed the night in not very respectable company. We can imagine the consternation of Asbury Park in seeing their venerable physician thus treated.

#### Evidence from a Diary

The moral of the story seems to be that one should never throw away an old diary. At the time when Edwin Turner was allowing himself to steal a horse and trap Edwin Pye Turner Osbaldeston, a Broadway physician, was spending his holidays in the Adirondacks, and made a note of his doings day by day in his diary.

The disappointed sheriff was obliged to admit that it was a case of mistaken identity, and now he is at home again, chewing the cud of a bitter memory. As for the old doctor, we can only hope that his family are making a fuss of him. They ought to persuade him to have his birthday party repeated, and begin all over again his ninety-fourth year.



## MISS FOY OF FOWEY

Little Motor-boat Goes to the Rescue

### CROWD WATCHES A BRAVE DEED

A pretty story comes from Fowey.

The West Country has always been proud of Fowey, the romantic and beautiful old Cornish town, the haunt of ancient heroes, where once a chain used to be fastened across the river mouth to keep out enemy ships. Fowey is the home of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, the Troy Town of the books he wrote under the name of Q.

Now Sir Arthur's daughter Foy has given the West Country a new reason to be proud of the old town and its associates.

Miss Quiller-Couch is an expert sailor, and knows all the nooks and crannies, currents and soundings, of that dangerous and rocky coast. She learned that three foreign seamen belonging to a vessel taking in cargo had gone out in a small boat and were in peril. There was a high sea running round the headlands, and it appeared that the little craft tossing in the current would soon be driven on to the rocks.

### Towed into Harbour

Miss Foy jumped into a motor-boat and went swiftly across to the rescue of the foreigners. It was not an easy task in that plunging sea to get close up and give them a rope; but this splendid sailor-woman achieved it and began towing the little craft to land.

Crowds had gathered on the headlands, and many people said the foreigners' boat would capsize. But Miss Quiller-Couch towed her safely into harbour, and, leaving her in quiet waters, raced back home.

## EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD BEEF

Tinned Meat that is Still Good

### RELIC OF THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION

Eighty years ago an Arctic explorer never again seen alive, scrawled on a scrap of paper "Sir John Franklin is dead," and that was the last word ever written to tell what had become of the Franklin North-West Passage Expedition, which had set out the year before to explore the regions over which Amundsen's airship and the aeroplanes of other daring men hope to fly.

Expedition after expedition was sent to discover Franklin's fate. The first hoped to find him or other survivors, hoping against hope that some members of his party might have found a way to the island land about the North Pole in which so many Arctic voyagers have believed.

But except that fateful scrap of paper, written by Captain FitzJames, the second in command, nothing of greater importance, no information, was discovered. But empty beef tins were found on Beechey Island in 1850 and one full one, still sealed.

### Historic Food for Rats

It has now been opened in Liverpool, and its contents examined by a bacteriologist. He found that the beef seemed still sound, and he will also be able to declare whether, eighty years after, it is fit for food. If it prove to be so, then the failure of Franklin's Expedition will become more mysterious than ever, for it has sometimes been supposed as an explanation that the three years' food supply which he took with him turned out to be bad or insufficient.

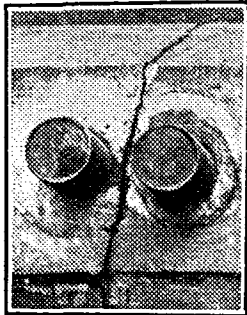
Some of the eighty-year-old bully beef, by the way, was given to rats for food, and the animals thrived on it. This is a great triumph for the pioneers of the canned meat industry.

## THE TOWER OF LONDON SAFE

Cracks that Open and Shut with the Tide

### HOW MEN OF SCIENCE WATCH THE WALLS

It is good news to all good Englishmen that the Tower of London is safe, safer than the Bank of England, which is to undergo reconstruction, whereas after careful examination



A crack in the Tower

the watchers of the Tower declare that some cracks which appeared in the Beauchamp Tower and the Salt Tower are of no great importance. The Tower was built before St. Paul's, but it appears to have had more faithful builders.

The cracks were noticed twelve years ago, and after they had been watched for some months were found to open a little and close again from time to time. It was believed by the experts who examined them that they arose from the movements of the tides in the Thames, that flows close by.

### Insurance Against Risk

The tides have been ebbing and flowing for hundreds of years in the Tower's lifetime, and it is believed as well as hoped that they do no harm; but to make sure two substantial brick piers have been built close to the walls of the moat and the Salt Tower.

This is part of the work of insurance against risk which began when the first scientific observations of the cracks were made. The old buildings have their own watchman, who comes from the chief measuring institution of Great Britain, the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington (which is Tide-end Town, where the Thames tide ends), and who measures the effects of the tides on the cracks to the thousandth part of an inch.

## AMERICA AND THE WORLD COURT

### U.S.A. Declines an Invitation

Difficulties continue in the way of America joining the Court of International Justice at The Hague.

When the Senate voted in favour of joining it laid down a number of conditions and asked that each of the Members of the League should agree to them. At the last meeting of the League Assembly Sir Austen Chamberlain suggested that there should be a Conference of League Members on the conditions and that America should be invited to take part in it so that she could explain her reasons for making them. This was agreed to and the invitation was sent.

But America has declined the invitation. In a message to the Secretary of the League the American Secretary of State says there is nothing to explain and he has no power to alter the conditions, so that no good end would be served by his sending a representative to the Conference.

It is probable that the Conference will still be held to consider what reply to make to the conditions. We must still hope the reply will be favourable, for the conditions are not difficult to grant and we do want America in; but her attitude is bound to annoy League Members, and we cannot be sure of the result.

## ELEPHANT GOES EXPLORING

ADVENTURE IN A LONDON SUBURB

### King of the Castle at a Railway Station

### HOBBOLED WITH A MOTOR-LORRY

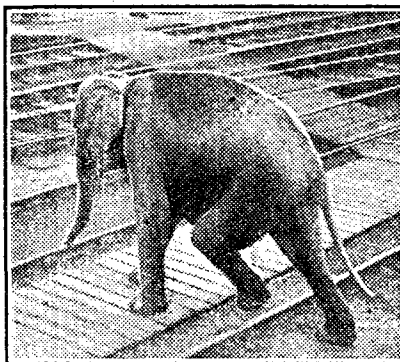
Most Barnet people know quite a lot about elephants, and those who do not had a splendid chance of learning the other day.

An elephant, in a monstrous iron crate, was on his way from the docks to an animal depot at Barnet. At High Barnet Station the crate was swung into the air by a powerful crane and put down in the goods yard. The elephant had, no doubt, been saying to himself for some time, "Enough of this," and when the crate door opened he lost no time in getting out.

### The Gentle Giant

He did not like the look of the goods yard, and strolled on to the line. His keepers did not like the look of the line and persuaded him to stroll on to the platform. The elephant took up his stand in the station entrance and, to the delight of a great crowd played King of the Castle.

He dealt on the whole very gently with the men who tried to hobble his



The elephant on the railway line

legs with chains. He swung his trunk this way and that, sending the keepers spinning a few yards whenever they approached.

He graciously accepted a few offerings of loaves, scattered the station with a present of hay, which he tossed lightly over his back, and looked round as much as to say "And the next, please?"

Hours passed. At length the patient keepers succeeded in hobbling his legs. For a little time he consented to make the best of a bad job, and permitted himself to be driven half-way along the station road leading to Barnet Hill. Then "Enough of this," he said to himself, and stopped.

Here he stayed, as steady as a house. It seemed that he was going to beat his keepers this time. Someone had a bright idea. A motor-lorry was brought to guide his faltering steps, and the elephant was hitched to it. Then the elephant had a bright idea. He started pulling the motor-lorry, and made a Royal Progress through the town, followed by an admiring crowd.

### The End of the Show

We can imagine how they enjoyed the show. The elephant got it a great deal his own way, but not quite, for he was persuaded to pull the motor-lorry in the direction of the depot. He was probably as surprised as anyone to find himself there, and might have changed his mind and turned back had not the gates in the meantime been closed.

But there he is, and as elephants have such a long memory he may do the same thing again next time he finds himself in a goods yard that looks like Barnet. All we can say is that we hope it will be a goods yard in our town.

## WAS COLUMBUS A SPANIARD?

A Question for Scholars and Governments

### SPAIN'S BOLD CLAIM

It is natural, no doubt, that patriotic Spaniards should think that the discoverer of Spanish America ought to have been a Spaniard. But they are going farther and are declaring that he actually was one.

The accepted story hitherto has been that Columbus was born in Genoa, his father being a woolcomber of that city, and that he was educated at the University of Pavia; and both of these, of course, are Italian towns and not Spanish. But the new story is that he was born at Pontevedra, on the coast of Galicia, the north-west corner of Spain.

The reasons for this belief are not very clear, but they have been endorsed by two learned societies of Spain and seem intended to be taken seriously. Columbus has never been called by his Italian name of Cristoforo Colombo in Spain, but Cristóbal Colon, and that is a Spanish name. Proof number one!

He wrote his books, his diaries, and his letters in Spanish, and when a Spanish word failed he used the Galician dialect, which an Italian would never have done. Proof number two! And that is about all!

### Biography in Italian

It happens that his biography was written by his own son Ferdinand, and there is nothing there about Galicia and everything about Genoa, and surely his son ought to know? Yes, the Spanish savants would no doubt reply, but the Spanish original of this biography has been lost and only the Italian version remains, and this was first published 32 years later than the original. And what more natural than that the Italian translator should doctor the facts in the interests of Italy?

Of course there is no accounting for the literary conscience of the sixteenth century, but we ought to be able to be sure that no man of letters will attempt to doctor facts in this twentieth century. The Spanish learned societies have petitioned their Government to certify officially that Cristóbal was a Spaniard. But suppose the Italian Government officially certifies that Cristoforo was an Italian? We must leave General Primo de Rivera and Signor Mussolini to fight it out between them.

## AFTER EIGHT CENTURIES

### William the Conqueror's Bishop

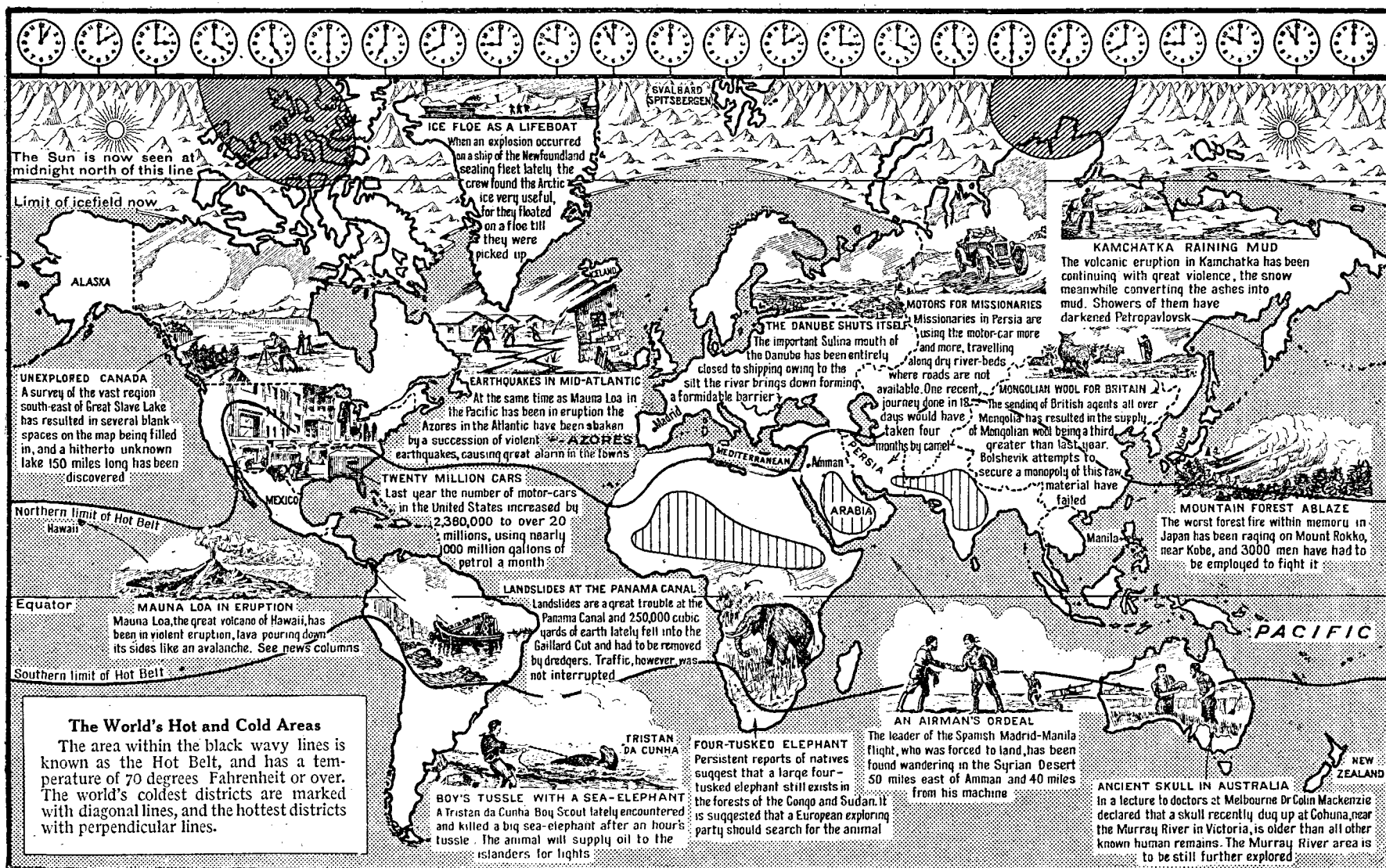
For hundreds of years stories have been told of a Norman monk who came over with William the Conqueror and was one of his right-hand men in spite of the fact that he was a dwarf.

He became Bishop Remigius of Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, which in those days was a very important Saxon town. It seemed to Remigius not important enough, and in 1072 the bishopric was moved to Lincoln, the fourth biggest town in England. There he set up the Norman building of which fragments still stand in the magnificent Gothic cathedral.

In 1092 he died. There has been a good deal of conjecture about his supposed tomb in the cathedral choir. The other day the tomb was opened, and a coffin just over four feet long was found containing the skeleton of a very short man, a chalice, and fragments of a crozier. So now we know that this man who made history deserved the chroniclers' descriptions of him: "He was dwarfish in stature, dark in complexion, undignified in aspect. Nature seemed to have formed him to show that the noblest spirit might dwell in the most wretched body."



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING THE WORLD'S HOT AND COLD AREAS



## A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY Islander Whom Nobody Will Own

An unfortunate man named Panayotis Flikos is stranded in England with an expired passport and no native country to which he can be returned.

Flikos was born in the Island of Imbros, in the Aegean Sea. His parents were Greeks, but the island belonged to Turkey. In 1912 it became Greek and Flikos registered as a Greek subject. But in 1923 it was handed back to Turkey! Meanwhile, Flikos had gone to Egypt, and thence to England, where he was employed in Yorkshire as a valet. Now the passport given him in Cairo has expired, and he and his employer have both been charged with a breach of the Aliens Act.

The man would probably have been deported to his native country, but the difficulty is that he has none. The Greeks say he is a Turkish subject and the Turks say he is a Greek.

It is a point that the League of Nations should clear up, by securing international agreement.

## THE KIND POLICEMAN Begs Freedom for a Prisoner

A man had been sentenced in a London police court the other day to a month's imprisonment for assaulting a policeman when the policeman who had given evidence begged that he might be let off with a fine and the magistrate granted his request.

"I should not like to see him go to prison for an assault on me, sir," he said; "he was badly wounded in the war and lost an eye and a leg."

While the C.N. admires the policeman's good feeling it agrees with the magistrate that even wounded soldiers must not be allowed to assault policemen, or anybody else.

## A HAPPY LAND More Money than It Can Spend

Ceylon is not like other countries that have to strain every nerve to make their budgets balance. On the contrary, the trouble in that happy island is to spend fast enough to keep pace with its ever-growing income.

The boom in rubber and tea, its chief industries, has sent up the revenues half a million pounds above the four millions of the estimates for the half year. Most of the revenue comes from import duties, and the number of motor-cars and other luxuries called for by the prosperous planters makes the Government rich without effort.

Quite apart from the excess of income, the expenditure is already nearly a million behind what had been planned!

## GOLDEN RAIN A Curious Shower in France

In the valley of the Lot in mid-France one of those strange coloured rains which fall from dust-laden clouds descended on the village of Bataille the other day, and looked to the astonished inhabitants like golden rain.

When the shower ceased the ground was sprinkled with a fine yellow dust, declared to be sulphur.

Such falls have often been reported; red dust and brown dust are brought with them, and the sole explanation is that somewhere in the deserts or dry land of Africa a sand-storm has whirled the finer particles of dust as high as the clouds, which have retained them until they were precipitated a thousand miles farther north as rain.

In the valley of the Lot the Cave Men lived. What legends would they not have built round this rain of gold!

## BIG BEN'S LITTLE JOKE An Hour in Advance of Summer Time

Was Big Ben having a little joke the other day, or did he go on strike? At any rate he went on striking till he was an hour faster than Summer Time.

He had just begun to strike the three-quarters which, at a quarter to four, tell people in the House of Commons below that question time is over and the time for debate has begun when the sound of the quarter chimes was drowned by the great bell booming four. At four o'clock Big Ben struck five, and at five o'clock he struck six, and there is no knowing what else he would have done if the men from the clock-makers had not come post-haste to put matters right. At six o'clock he struck nothing but the four quarters. By seven (Summer Time) things were all right again, and the great bell boomed seven times in the usual way.

There are people who say that clocks resent Summer Time notions and dislike being played with in this way. But Big Ben is a good-natured fellow, and since his one little outbreak he has once more set an example of steadfastness and docility to his brothers, big and little, throughout the country.

## FIRST JEWISH MARQUESS Honour for Lord Reading

The man who made his first voyage to India as ship's boy on a tramp steamer and afterwards revisited it as Viceroy and Governor-General has now been made a marquess for his great and signal services.

This is an honour rarely given, and it is the first time it has been given to a Jew. It would have been difficult not long ago to imagine a Jew being made Lord Chief Justice of England; but the sailor boy Rufus Isaacs, who became Earl of Reading, has received both honours with universal approval.

## FORGETTING THE FOOT PASSENGERS Westminster's Reminder to the Police

The merry-go-round experiments with London traffic have admittedly been a great success so far as horse and motor traffic is concerned. So far, however, they have not been quite such a success for foot passengers.

Vehicles have been much less interrupted, the direct cuts, as they are called, having almost disappeared. But the direct cuts helped the foot passengers. When the traffic north and south, say, was held up to allow the east and west traffic to proceed foot passengers were able to move east and west at the same time till the turn of the north and south traffic came along.

But now there is so little holding up the foot passengers miss their chance. As a committee of the Westminster City Council puts it, drivers in the merry-go-rounds only stop where other lines of vehicles force them to do so, and without leaving any space for pedestrians to cross.

So the recommendation is made by Westminster that white lines should be drawn across the road near the refuges in such a position that vehicles held up by other vehicles shall leave space in front of them when they stop for pedestrians to cross in comfort and safety. The police are very considerate of foot passengers and always help them when they can. But they have not eyes at the back of their heads and they cannot be everywhere at once.

## THE WHITE HORSE

The White Horse cut out in the turf on the chalk of Bratton Down, in Wiltshire, is to be cleaned once more. It is 170 feet from nose to tail and 160 feet from ears to hoofs. The figure is said to have been first cut to commemorate a victory of King Alfred over the Danes.



## CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

MAY 8

1926

## The Lady Bountiful

SUMMER is laying down her carpet and hanging up her curtains.

She comes creeping into country and town; she comes stealing on like the Rock-a-by Lady, covering miles of fields and lanes while we sleep. She plants a blossom here, a coltsfoot and a celandine there, and hides, and waits as if for someone to say, "Why, here's a daisy!" Then she waves a hand to explain that this is only the beginning of the lovely things she has to offer: thousands of flowers for nothing; songs in our ears all day; the wind in the trees to rock us asleep. They are all ours. The poorest of us, having nothing, can have these.

"Just suppose," said a dear wise child the other day, "that someone found out something could be done in a factory with buttercups and daisies, that money could be made out of them! Isn't it lovely to think they aren't worth anything?"

The very idea makes us want to go down on our knees in thankfulness. Suppose someone could make money out of the trailing hedgerows and out of the black-bird's whistle or the lark's song! Suppose a company was started (Wild Flowers, Limited) to pick hedgerows and fields bare!

Suppose we could no longer sing to ourselves in secret joy *I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows*, and cradle our heads on that most fragrant of pillows. Suppose there were no cowslips nodding on the hillside, un-earthly sweet to smell!

Let us be thankful that wild flowers and weeds are not worth anything, that the song of the birds cannot be captured. These lovely things belong to the Kingdom of Heaven, and, like all divine things, are to be had without money and without price. They are spread out for us in Summer's great garden year by year, and all we need do is to go there and be blessed.

But, alas, just because they are of no money value thousands of people are inclined to think they are not worth going to see. They walk or go by train and push in a crowd to a flower show, to see Nature's glories in a prison. The great summer carpet is spread under the airy canopy of the sky; we can sit down on it and look up and forget the fever and fret of our everyday life. The larks are up there, singing their hearts out. Tranquillity and rest are up there, ready to descend and soothe us. There are very few ills which an afternoon among the wild flowers will not make more bearable.

So to the flower fields, to the wonderful carpet of Summer, to the rarest and sweetest countryside in all the Earth.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Secret

WHY is America so prosperous? Two English engineers have been to find out, and the secret, they say, is confidence.

Manufacturers trust their competitors, share new discoveries, and keep their processes up to date in consequence. There are no jealousies kept trade secrets. Employees trust employers, and believe with them that high output means prosperity for everyone. In most factories a genuine spirit of esprit de corps exists.

Our Empire produces nearly two-thirds of the world's wool and rubber, nearly three-fourths of its tea and gold, and practically all its jute. We ought to be as rich as America, but we are not because we have yet to conquer suspicion and selfishness in the world of trade.

## The Laughless Land

A LITTLE while ago Maxim Gorki said Bolshevism appeared in Russia and in no other land because Russia is the soil of pessimism. He said that in Russian literature we shall find a true mirror of Russian life—squalor, drunkenness, sorrow, humiliation, and despair.

"If somebody wrote a comedy," he said, "it invariably turned into a tragedy." And he added this terrible sentence: *Nobody has yet laughed in Russia in a wholesome, healthy way.*

The Russian temperament is exactly the opposite of the English. It is impossible to imagine the Cossacks charging the enemy like the English Tommies, singing:

O, my! I don't want to die,  
I want to go home.

Undoubtedly humour is a great safety valve. It helps us to bear our trials and troubles bravely.

## Old China

We like this story of an American girl's visit to China, where she went over a great lady's house.

THROUGH room after room, through court after court, they wandered past lotus ponds and gardens. In the treasure room, full of rubies and jade, the hostess graciously showed her wondering guest her trunk of pearls. In it were ropes and ropes of pearls.

Then the American girl was shown something equally valuable which no thief would want to steal. Men seemed to be printing, scholars bent over papers, and others were binding soft-paper volumes. The Chinese lady explained that once in every generation the family genealogy had to be reprinted by the eldest son. The American girl, who was well-born, with six generations behind her, was amazed when her hostess explained:

*Seventy generations we are printing. Our children will print seventy-two. Each member of the family will receive a copy.*

## Electricians Defeated

IT is very humiliating to think that our greatest scientists have had a competition with a miserable little worm and the worm has won.

Dr. Fournier d'Albe, writing of the progress made in electrical experiment, states that in 1900 the world used a carbon glow lamp which yielded one-third of a candle-power per watt, whereas we now use a gas-filled lamp which yields nearly two candles per watt. It is a sixfold gain. But a small brown grub can do better, for the glow-worm's light apparatus is far more perfect than any of man's devising, and yields fifty candle-power for one watt of chemical energy!

Our electricians are twenty-five times less efficient than the hedgerow grub.

## Tip-Cat

AUSTRALIAN bowling is said to be more telling than ours. But it does not tell ours how it is done.

ROBUST persons have more taste for beef than for poetry. They would rather have meat than metre.

AN M.P. says he would like to see every man die worth £70,000. Then he would be all right as the sole survivor.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
If a bee in a  
bonnet is a  
humming top

A CONTEMPORARY'S advice to every man is: Be your own plumber. It is never too late to mend.

LET the parlour have space in every building. Even if it is only sitting room.

Is it true, asks an American paper, that there have been more millionaires in prison since the war than there were out of prison before the war?

## King Alfred's Prayer

Lord God Almighty, Shaper and Ruler of all creatures, we pray Thee of Thy great mercy to guide us to Thy will; to make our minds steadfast, to strengthen us against temptation, and to put far from us all unrighteousness.

Shield us from our foes, seen and unseen. Teach us that we may inwardly love Thee before all things with a clean mind and a clean body, for Thou art our Maker and our Redeemer, our Help and our Comfort, our Trust and our Hope. Amen.

## The Wondrous Sight

By Our Country Girl

Baron Korff and Captain Philip Bartlett, artillery officers, have met in Canada, where the Baron has bought a farm. The men have become great friends, and have discovered that the batteries they commanded once fought a duel in Flanders.

IN the fields the two men met,  
Fields of blackened grass and tree,

Fields where snares of wire were set  
Like a monster spider's net,  
Stretching far as eye could see;  
Fields where men in hiding lay  
In the holes that they had sought  
Like some hunted beast of prey,  
Shrinking from the light of day—  
There they met and there they fought.

IN the fields they met again,  
These were not the fields of war;

On the sunlit foreign plain  
Rippled wide the golden grain  
When the soldiers met once more.  
Now in fields of life they stood,  
Fields of death forgotten now;  
Side by side they cleared the wood,  
Sowed the grain, and found life good,  
Beat the sword into a plough.

STATESMEN, kaisers, men who write  
With a pen that drips with gall,  
Look upon this wondrous sight!  
*Heaven lead you to the light,  
Send its peace to bless us all!*

## Very Precious Folk

READING a book the other day we were struck with this passage about a soldier at Cawnpore:

Whatever might be the subject of contemplation no smile relieved the careworn features of the company save when the dejection was for an instant charmed away by the buoyant audacity of Moore. He was a strong man. Hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others. Brave and vivacious himself, he gave bravery and vivacity to other men.

After reading this we had cause to go to a large London store. We remembered that we had been served there by an exceedingly cheerful soul, and we asked that he might serve us again. We could not remember his name, but we tried to explain him to the careworn man at the china counter.

"A man with a very bright smile, a very cheerful man," at last we said.

"Oh, the fellow always smiling! I know him. That would be Binney," exclaimed the mournful one, and hustled off to find him.

When Binney came, with his gay, respectful greeting, and his radiant look of well-being, our shopping list seemed to grow less worrying. He brought us cups and saucers more charming than we had ever thought of, and as he consoled and advised us we noticed a slight smile of happiness and admiration dawn on the grave face of the colleague who listened to him.

The Moores and Binneys of this world, soldiers in a siege or salesmen in a shop, are very precious folk.

Men have had to pass through a thousand errors before reaching the truth.

TURGOT



## THE TOMBS OF THE FATHERS

### NATIVE RIGHTS IN AFRICA

#### A Swazi King's Dispute with His White Neighbours

#### PRIVY COUNCIL'S DECISION

Sobhuza II, King of the Swazis, has a dispute with the white man which, being wise and prudent, and also civilised, he has prosecuted in the law courts, and not with assegai as his forefathers would have done.

In Swaziland is a mountain stronghold containing the graves of the Swazi kings in charge of the hereditary Induna, or Chief, Maloyi. Thirty-seven years ago King Umbandine, with the advice and consent of his Indunas in Council, gave the grazing rights over the territory to two Englishmen for fifty years at £50 a year. The Englishmen might also cultivate and plant as much of the land as they found unoccupied, but they bound themselves to respect all prior rights and not to interfere with the king's native subjects.

#### King Sobhuza's Challenge

Eighteen years later, however, King Edward made an Order in Council declaring this and other Swazi territory to be Crown land (land of the British not of the Swazi Crown); and under this Order, ten years later still, the land was redistributed, two-thirds to English settlers and one-third, absolutely, to the natives.

Unfortunately, the tombs of the kings were on land allotted not to Chief Maloyi but to the Swaziland Corporation, Limited, and its manager, Mr. Allister Miller, and the natives were directed on to other land.

First in the Special Court of Swaziland and then before the Privy Council in London, King Sobhuza challenged the legality of this action. He argued that his country had never been ceded to the Great White King, or conquered by him, or acquired by settlement, and that he had never even claimed it as a part of his dominions, and that therefore neither the Privy Council nor the High Commissioner for South Africa could proclaim the land to be Crown land.

#### What a Protectorate Means

But the appeal has been in vain. First the Court in Swaziland and now the Privy Council have decided against King Sobhuza. Swaziland, though not technically a part of the British Dominions, is a British Protectorate. It was under the protection of the Transvaal Republic, whose help against the Zulus the Swazis were very glad to have, and when Britain conquered the Transvaal she took over the Protectorate.

The Privy Council explains learnedly what is involved in a Protectorate. The protecting Power undertakes to protect its dependent against foreign attack, but in doing so it becomes responsible to foreign Governments for the good treatment of foreigners within its borders and for the good behaviour of the protected country as well as for the welfare of its people.

#### Why Not an Exchange?

Once such an undertaking has been given there is virtually no limit, in the opinion of the Privy Council, to the amount of interference that may be necessary in order to carry out these obligations; and if the King in Council thought it necessary in the interests of Swaziland and its people to take over the distribution of land there there is no one, in Swaziland or out of it, who can challenge his right to do so.

We may be sure that, on the whole, it is a good thing for the Swazis that their country is governed by Britain.

Perhaps, now that the law has been vindicated, an exchange satisfactory both to the Swaziland Corporation and to the Swazi king might be arranged.

## A GENERAL AS TAXI DRIVER

HERE is a story from Paris which illustrates the strange inequalities that the falling franc has made in France.

Two ladies drove up to the station in a taxi ten minutes before train time, only to find that they had come without their money and could neither pay for the taxi nor buy their tickets. The obliging taximan, however, not only told them to send him the fare at their leisure by post but bought their tickets for them on the same terms, and put them and their luggage into their train.

When, full of gratitude, the ladies asked the cabman for his address he politely handed them his card with the name General Count X. His pension, he explained, at the present value of the franc was much too small to live on.

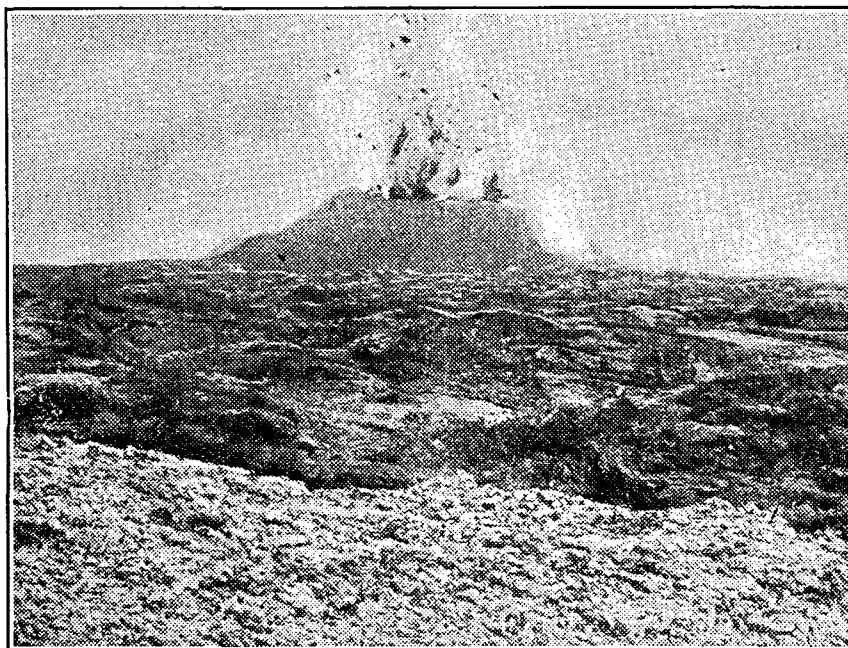
Even an officer on the active list cannot make ends meet. A married captain gets the equivalent of less than £120 a year, and a sergeant-major about £65. The result is that they are leaving the

army wholesale and others are not taking their places. Those who remain, unless they have other means, have to be taximen or humbler workers, packing parcels at the big stores, for instance, in their spare time.

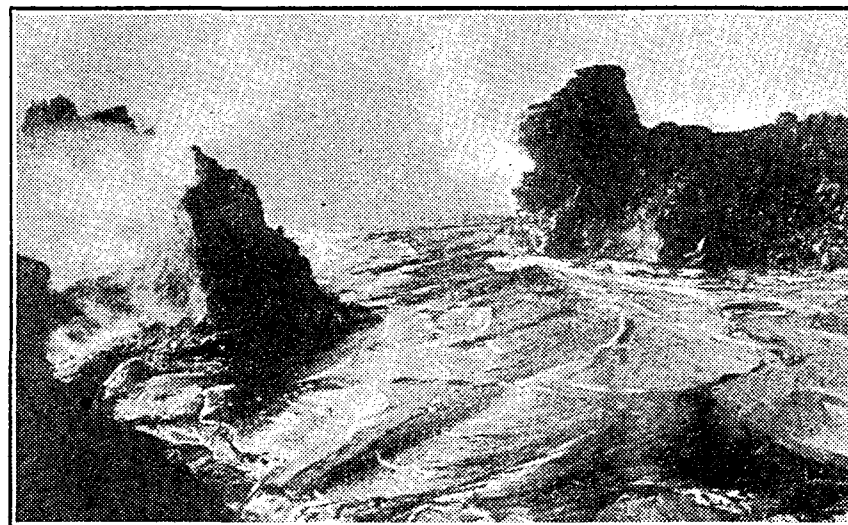
The other day there was a demonstration in the streets of Paris by clerks in the civil service, who declare that they are starving on what their present salaries can buy them. The meeting was forbidden by the Government, and rioting followed in which over four hundred arrests were made.

Yet France as a whole is prosperous. Trade is good and unemployment is low. It is only the people with fixed salaries and fixed incomes who are suffering; and Parliament dare not raise the wages of soldiers and civil servants, for it dare not impose the extra taxation that would be required to pay them. It is not only France's foreign creditors who are hit by her dislike of high taxes.

## THE GIANT SPEAKS



An eruption of Mauna Loa



A sea of lava in the crater

Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, the largest active volcano in the world, has been speaking again, and the sea of lava that poured down the side of the mountain overwhelmed the village of Hoopuloa. When the lava reached the sea it caused the water to boil. See page one

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

There are five million people in America who have to work on Sundays.

Posted on June 4, 1916, at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, a postcard has just been received at Walmer, Kent.

#### Centenarian Addresses a Parliament

The Manitoba Parliament interrupted its debates the other day to hear an address from the oldest inhabitant of the province, aged 102, who was on a visit to the capital.

#### Six Fives

At Enfield Police Court the other day five members of the public watched five magistrates deal with five cases in five minutes. Five reporters were present, and five policemen gave evidence.

Some part of the Bible is now printed in 835 languages.

The latest census shows that there are 2,838,416 people living in Paris, which is 25,017 less than in 1921.

#### A Million Farthings

A million farthings have been subscribed by parishioners toward the cost of repairing the bells of All Saints, Poplar, which have just been ringing again after being silent for ten years.

#### No More Pilgrims for Eve's Tomb

Ibn Saud, who has become King of the Hedjaz by conquest, has forbidden pilgrims to worship any more at the so-called tomb of Eve, tomb worship being contrary to the religion of the Wahabis.

## TURKEY'S FIRST STATUE

### THE BIG BRONZE EFFIGY OF KEMAL

#### Why it Has Not Been Set Up

#### SPELLING REFORM IN THE NEAR EAST

Reforms are following on each other's heels in Turkey with lightning speed.

The Caliphate is gone, the fez and the yashmak are gone, the surname is come, and now Turkish spelling is to be reformed and even the adoption of the Latin alphabet used by Europeans is under consideration. More wonderful still, perhaps, Constantinople has received its first public statue since the setting up of graven images was forbidden by Mohammedan law.

This statue has caused a terrible commotion. The trouble in London about Mr. Epstein's sculpture of Rima is nothing to it. And it is not on religious grounds that its erection is being opposed, as we might naturally have imagined, but on artistic grounds.

#### A Semitic Tradition

It is supposed to represent the first President of the Turkish Republic, the Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha; but the Ghazi himself is reported to have asked, when he saw a cast of it "Whoever is that?" Besides being unlike it is said to be undignified, showing a pose of "ridiculous bravado."

The statue is an immense bronze affair and is intended to stand on Seraglio Point, where it would be the first thing to be seen from every ship coming into the harbour. But so great was the outcry that it had to be left in its packings on the quay by its pedestal till the Government had decided what to do about it. And now the order has gone forth that no public statue is to be erected in Turkey till it has been passed by the Fine Arts Commission.

It is a mistake to suppose that the making of graven images was prohibited by the founder of the Mohammedan religion. It was only two hundred years after his death that it was forbidden by the Arabs, as by their cousins the Jews. It is a Semitic tradition and has always been disregarded, for instance, by the Persian followers of the Prophet. But the Turks, till now, have followed the Arabs.

#### An Up-To-Date Reform

With Turkish schoolchildren the idea of dropping the Turkish alphabet for the Latin used throughout Western Europe must be a very popular one. Though there are in theory only 33 letters in the old Arabic alphabet used in Turkey the number really reaches 118, according to their position at the beginning, in the middle, or at the end of a word.

Latin or Arabic, the spelling is to be reformed on the most up-to-date phonetic lines, and it seems pretty certain that the reform, once begun, will be carried the whole way. Already Latin characters are being introduced on Turkish postage stamps and banknotes.

It is perhaps curious that while an Eastern nation talks of giving up its letters and using Latin letters a Western nation, the Irish, should be trying to give up Latin letters to adopt another form, the Erse.

#### SCRAMBLED EGGS

A motor-van containing ten thousand eggs was overturned on the road near Royston, Hertfordshire, the other day. The loss was estimated at £50, but many villagers had scrambled eggs for tea that day. Saving gathered them up in basins and cups from the wreckage.



## OLD INDUSTRY REBORN

THE WORK OF THE  
ARTIFICIAL SILKWORM  
Exhibition of Shining Fabrics  
Made from Trees

### BEAUTY FROM A PIECE OF WOOD

Most of those who went to our first Exhibition of Artificial Silk at the Holland Park Hall sought it for its beauty if not for that alone.

There was everything to delight the eye: lovely fabrics, melting hues, dainty patterns and garments of every kind from jumpers to socks, carpets to curtains, tennis frocks to bridal gowns, everything in fact, as Mr. Samuel, of the Department of Overseas Trade, said, except the artificial silkworm.

The artificial silkworm, if represented, might have appeared in fancy dress as a tree, for all these delightful things are made out of wood, and among the instructive exhibits at the show was one revealing the artificial silkworm's progress from wood pulp till it emerges like a butterfly from its chrysalis into the shining, lustrous stuff that is eventually woven into stockings.

### Old Names for New Silks

Near by was another demonstration, of the way in which coal, itself another form of wood pulp, furnishes the dyes that impart to the silk all the colours of the rainbow.

But there was yet another lesson to be gained from the artificial wares, and that was the way in which the old silks got the names that are to be inherited by the new artificial ones.

Mr. Samuel gave a list of the silks which Norwich used to manufacture when the old silk trade was a thriving one in England some centuries ago. Some of these names now to be transferred to the new English silk industry are Lutestring, out of which Mr. Pepys had a dress made for his wife (its other name was lustring, a fine, glossy silk), and Taffeta, which was first named in Persia, meaning taftah, or woven. It was a thin, glossy silk, to be distinguished from Grosgrain, which was carded, and Surah, which was twilled.

### The Fall of Bombazine

Mochado was another fashionable silk, deriving its name from the French moucard, and at one time representing an inferior or imitation silk, though it was afterwards raised to the rank of an expensive one. Bombasin, or Bombazine, reversed this career, for it was at first a silk texture and got its name from bombyx, the silkworm, afterwards given to some silk-like trees, and then came to mean a stuff, partly wool, which was usually black and used for mourning.

Then there is Paduasoy:

With every ribbon new  
Flame-coloured sack and silken paduasoy.  
Paduasoy is not derived from soie de Padua, or silk of Padua, though silk did come from Italy, but from the old French poult-de-soie.

### Not in the Dictionary

Tobine silk came from the Persian, and has the same derivation as the tabby-cat. It is a stout, twilled silk. Camletteen is derived from the Arabic khamlet, the Angora goat, because it was a silk mixed with hair. Camel's hair was sometimes employed, so that Camletteen was often thought to be derived from camel, but the goat is its true ancestor.

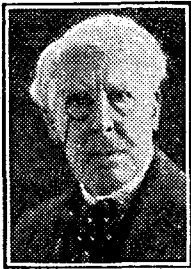
Then there are Alapeen, Carsoy, Camientries, Currelles, and Busseens, but all these are French in origin and will be sought in vain in the pages of our great Oxford Dictionary.

## A GRAND OLD MAN OF THE STAGE

Sir Squire Bancroft's  
Romantic Story

### PASSING OF A FAMOUS ACTOR

London has lost a very picturesque figure by the death of Sir Squire Bancroft, the veteran of the English stage. He was almost 85 when he passed away after a short illness at his London house, not far from the roar of the Piccadilly he had always loved so well.



Sir Squire Bancroft

He was a fortunate man, for Romance met him in his youth and proved a lifelong companion. When he was sixteen he saw a young girl acting at the Lyceum. She was Marie Wilton. A little later he saw her again. He went on the stage himself at nineteen, and presently he was acting in the same company as Marie.

In 1867 these two were married, and there began a friendship which made life beautiful for over half a century. When, in 1921, the charming little old lady passed away the best part of Bancroft's life went with her.

The two were partners in theatre managership. Our success (said the husband) was very largely due to gleams of genius in her, such gleams as, in all the arts, are priceless. The Bancrofts continued not only to make a monetary success of their work but to do good, in the real sense of the word, in their profession. They brought about considerable reforms in the theatre world, working for less slovenliness in production, cleanliness and ventilation in the theatre, a better status for actors. They were very generous in their outlook, and often cast themselves for small parts if they considered it would be for the good of the play.

### Centre of a Brilliant Circle

In 1885 the Bancrofts retired from management, and save for occasional star performances the world saw these famous actors no more on the stage. They became the centre of a brilliant circle, were always ready to advise and help. In 1897 the famous actor-manager was knighted. He was considered the best critic in London and grew to be something of a public character, working on committees and boards of hospitals and public bodies.

His kindness never failed. One famous example of it was a series of Dickens readings which he gave for charity, raising in all over twenty thousand pounds.

## WOOLWICH DOCKYARD FOR SALE

Where the Wooden Walls of  
Old England were Built

Woolwich Dockyard, no longer needed for building warships, is to be sold by auction in the City of London.

Ships of the Royal Navy, including many famous fighters, have been built there since the days of Henry VIII. It is only, of course, in the last three-quarters of a century that they have been built of steel or iron. For the first three hundred years and more our ships as well as the men in them had hearts of oak, and working in wood must have made a very different place of the dockyard, far less noisy than the present workings in iron and steel.

It is not surprising to hear that there have already been many inquiries about the yard from private firms, for it occupies a magnificent site. Its 25 acres have a river frontage of 1400 feet, deep enough for ocean-going vessels to be comfortably berthed.

## BEATING JULES VERNE

Round the World in 26  
Days

### BY AIR, SEA, AND LAND

If Jules Verne had lived to see the aeroplane he would not have let his Mr. Fogg take eighty days to go round the world, though it is a great tribute to Jules Verne's powers of imagination half a century ago that the aeroplane has not yet beaten Mr. Fogg's record.

The aeroplane is to the steamship as the hare to the tortoise, but the tortoise goes on walking and at present the aeroplane has to make too many stops. Two Americans who hope to make a record journey round the world will use aeroplanes where there are regularly established air services, and occasionally when there is a hundred-mile stretch to be covered in order to link up with a connection; otherwise they will descend to boat and train.

Where they will cut Mr. Fogg's imagined record, as well as the actual one set up by another American traveller, Mr. J. H. Mears—who, by carefully planning to catch trains and

### The Budget in a Nutshell

Balance Sheet	
Estimated Revenue	£824,750,000
Estimated Expenditure	£820,641,000
Estimated Surplus	£4,109,000
New Sources of Revenue	
Import Duty on Motor Trade	
Vehicles	£300,000
Key Industry Extension	£50,000
Import Duty on Wrapping	
Paper	£400,000
Acceleration of Beer Duty	£5,500,000
Increased Duty on Hackney	
Motor Vehicles	£275,000
Duty on Commercial Motor	
Vehicles	£1,200,000
Duty on Tractors	£25,000
Betting Tax	£1,500,000
Contribution from Road Fund	£7,000,000
French Debt Repayment	£4,000,000
Losses of Revenue	
Repeal of Chicory Excise Duty	£500
Irish Income Tax Adjustment	£200,000
Income Tax	
No reduction or increase. Three years' average to be abolished next year.	
Imperial Preference	
Ten years' guarantee to all the articles now subject to Imperial Preference.	
Works of Art	
All works of art more than a century old will in future be exempt from duties.	
All these figures are for the financial year 1926-1927. The Chancellor said there might be additional taxes in the event of industrial trouble.	

ships without delay by waiting, girdled the Earth in 35 days, 11 hours, twenty-five years ago—will be in using the air services already in existence.

For example, starting from New York, they expect to cross the North American continent to Vancouver in 30 hours. There they will board a liner which will get them to Japan in eight days. Another vessel will carry them to Vladivostok in eighteen hours.

Here their troubles may begin. If they have to take the Trans-Siberian Railway to Moscow nine days will be piled up in their time-table. If they can persuade the Soviet Government to aid them with aeroplanes then, with luck and without accidents, they might lop off five days from that figure.

After that all is plain sailing. There are air lines from Moscow to Berlin, thence to Amsterdam, thence to London, and on to Southampton. All that would take little more than a day, and the liner to New York and home would add no more than six days to the account. They reckon that even without a Siberian air journey they ought to establish a new record of 26 days.

## FALLING ON A TIGER STRANGE ADVENTURE IN INDIA

Animal that Spared an Injured  
Man

### THE BEAST IT WAS THAT DIED

One strange story provokes another, especially when dealing with tigers.

A few weeks ago the C.N. reported the case of a tiger which, contrary to all beliefs in what tigers will do, had scrambled 18 feet up a tree in the Indian jungle in the attempt to reach the wife of a forestry officer who was perched in assumed safety on a platform in the tree's branches.

An occurrence almost as unprecedented is now reported from the Central Provinces of India, where two forestry officers and the district police officers went in search of a tigress which had been notorious for a year. As is customary, they ensconced themselves on machans, or platforms, in the trees, while a party of native beaters stirred up the jungle to rouse the tiger.

### Clawed Down from a Tree

In the midst of the beating a scream was heard, mingled with the easily recognisable "wuff-wuff" of the tigress. Then the tigress appeared and disappeared. Usually the hunters would have waited for some time in their trees before pursuing it, but the screams they had heard allowed no such delay. They must see who had been hurt.

So with every precaution the hunters advanced, and they presently came upon the tigress lying down beside a bundle of clothes. That was the end of the story for the tigress.

But the "bundle" had still his story to tell. Inside it was a native, badly mauled about the legs but alive. He was in full possession of his senses, and told quite clearly the extraordinary things that had happened to him. He had bolted up a tree at the tigress's approach; the tigress had leaped at the trunk and clawed him down.

### Strange Company

It was afterwards quite clear, since he had got up higher than 21 feet, where the marks of the beast's claws were found, that he had fallen out of the tree on top of the tigress, for not a bruise was found on him. But the extraordinary thing which happened next was that the tigress lay down by the side of him. If he moved or made a sound she growled. Once or twice she got up and stood over him as if to seize his head. But the native asserted, and he could hardly have invented it, that each time she did so he took hold of her ears and she settled down again.

At any rate, it is certain that it was the tigress that died and not the man, for he recovered from his wounds. We almost wish the beast had got away. Whatever she might have done in the past she was no murderess that day.

## OUR PROUDEST ENGINE

### The Railwaymen's Memorial

Not long ago the C.N. was telling how the engine which carries the travelling memorial to the New Zealand railwaymen who fell in the war is reverently saluted on the Dominion's railways. Now a Sheffield reader reminds us that England has one of these proud engines too.

Immediately at the end of the war the Great Central Railway had a memorial engine built and named Valour. Though it is very like the ordinary engines it can easily be distinguished by the shape of its name-plate, which has been altered to suit the lettering. It is still doing service on the L.N.E.R., and thousands of people see it daily as it passes through their stations.

The railwaymen, of course, know all about it, and it is a pride with them to help to keep it spick-and-span.



## CONCERTS FOR CHILDREN

### INTRODUCING THE INSTRUMENTS

The Music the Queens Listened To

### AN EXCITING GAME

By a Music Correspondent

The most lovely concert I have ever been to was given the other day at the People's Palace in the East End of London, and the audience was made up of 1600 children from the very poorest districts who must have saved for many weeks to buy a sixpenny ticket.

Many of them had never heard any music at all, and most of them had no idea what a concert was like. So you see what a good thing it is that the enlightening Conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, can explain what everything is about.

He always introduces each instrument to you in its turn, and this time each one played a little tune called The Minstrel Boy, just to let us hear what different sounds they make.

#### An Exciting Game

How we all laughed when the biggest fiddle began to play the tune! He sounded just like a poor old man of a hundred trying to sing. This made me long for the real programme to begin, for I wanted to see if I could hear the different instruments each playing its part; and if you listened very carefully you certainly could. Music can be such an exciting game if you listen hard.

The first piece was by Mozart, and was just like a lovely story with different chapters. The first one was the most lovely, a rather sad tune that made beautiful thoughts come into your mind.

The third chapter was like olden times, with lovely ladies and courtiers swaying and gliding to the air of an entrancing minuet.

#### Fairy Music

Next came a piece that we loved most of all, probably because the music was so different from our everyday world. It was written by Delibes, a Frenchman, for a ballet that is supposed to be danced by fairies.

"Every bar was light and airy. I found it hard to believe that I was not in Fairyland itself. This was the piece that the Queens listened so hard to; all round the Concert Hall are white statues of Queens who have reigned over different countries in the past.

It was Queen Teresa of Hungary who held a scroll in her hand and seemed to be beating time to the music; and Queen Elizabeth of England, standing next her, heaved a delighted little sigh at the end. I am certain that Queen Isabella of Castile, on the other side, had gone off in a dream, for I believe she blinked her eyes when the music stopped, as if she wondered what the applause was. They must have enjoyed the last piece very much (all Queens have been young once, haven't they?). It was written for the girls of St. Paul's School by Gustav Holst, the English composer.

#### Saving the Pennies

He called it the St. Paul's Suite, and there are lots of jolly tunes in it. I expect the boys in the audience will want to have a piece written for them at the next concert. At any rate, the little fellow who sat next to me did, for he told me so, and showed me two pennies that he had saved up already for it. He said he had walked all by himself from home on purpose to hear this concert, and he lived quite a long way away.

After the music was all over it seemed quite sad to know that there were still hundreds of children outside in the streets who had not been to the concert, and perhaps had no pennies to save. Fathers and mothers in the East End have to make real sacrifices when they give the children pennies.

## AN OLD MAN LOOKS BACK

### A Boy of Ten Before He Saw a Piece of Coal

### WHEN ENGLAND HAD NO KING

An old man of Hatfield, Mr. William Kemp, has just had his 104th birthday, and nine of his great-grandchildren, who helped to eat the cake, heard some amusing stories.

They heard their great-grandfather say that the world had turned upside down since he was their age, but all the same it was a good place to live in.

They had plenty to think about while they ate the birthday-cake. When William Kemp was a boy of ten he had never seen a piece of coal, nor had anyone in Hatfield. When he was a youth he ploughed with bullocks; he took loads of hay to London, and was glad enough to get back from such a smoky place.

He had heard stories of the Great North Road, of the horses and coaches thundering on it, from his elders, and he thought it was indeed a very wonderful world when he presently got a job on the construction of the Great Northern Railway. It was a long time before he could get over the idea that it was very dashing and daring to ride in a train. He thought his old bullock team and haycart much safer.

#### A Short Holiday

Four times he had heard the church bells ring because a new monarch had come to the English throne, and very probably he could tell the same sort of stories that another old man, who has died at 101, has told.

This man was out in the fields working when the church bells were tolled on the occasion of the death of William the Fourth. Some workmen near by laid down their tools and said, "We ain't got no king now. We can do as we like."

That was in 1837. We wish the old Sussex man had told what the workmen said when they learned that they had got a Queen, and when their holiday on which they could do as they liked was so cruelly cut short!

## DISCOVERIES AT STONEHENGE

### The Mystery Deepens

### WOODEN STRUCTURES OLDER THAN THE STONES

The mystery of Stonehenge deepens. During the excavation of a circular ditch of considerable extent there was found a series of strange crater-like depressions, separated from each other by solid walls of chalk and sometimes pierced by a gangway showing abundant signs of having been used by man.

In these craters were a number of flint implements and scanty remains of ancient hearths. Near the ditch were numerous post-holes, in which, apparently, timber at one time stood. In some cases these holes followed the course of furrows cut into the underlying chalk, suggesting the existence here at one time of stockaded passages.

Equally mysterious was the unearthing of a place where the ground was honeycombed with post-holes, which at one time, probably, supported a roof.

Colonel Hawley, who is investigating Stonehenge for the Society of Antiquaries of London, is of opinion that these wooden structures were definitely older than any of the standing stones.

The flint implements found in the ditch are not of Neolithic forms, but approximate more closely to those in use in more ancient, Upper Palaeolithic times.

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### A Lord Chancellor in the Tower

On May 10, 1532, Sir Thomas More fell from power.

When More some time had Chancellor been

No more suits did remain;  
The like will never more be seen  
Till More be there again.

#### A RHYME OF THE DAY

I have lived, methinketh, a long life, and now I neither look nor long to live much longer. I have, since I came to the Tower, looked once or twice to have given up my ghost ere this, and, in good faith, my heart waxed the lighter with hope thereof. Yet forgot I not that I have a long reckoning to give account of.

SIR THOMAS MORE

His composure on the scaffold is probably without parallel. "I pray thee see me safely up," he said to the lieutenant on reaching the steps, "and for my coming down let me shift for myself." With a light-hearted jest he encouraged the headsman to perform his duty fearlessly. He moved his beard from the block with the remark that "it had never committed treason," told the bystanders that he died in and for the faith of the Catholic Church, and prayed God to send the king good counsel.

SIDNEY LEE

## THE PERIL OF THE STREETS

### 17,000 More Hurt in a Year

There were 17,258 more street accidents caused by vehicles in Great Britain in 1925 than there were in 1924, and 340 more of them ended fatally. There were 45,276 more accidents last year than in 1922, 1103 more of them fatal. But in the interval the number of motor vehicles has nearly doubled.

These are the figures: In 1922, 70,197 accidents, 2768 fatal; 1923, 83,101 accidents, 2979 fatal; 1924, 98,215 accidents, 3631 fatal; and 1925, 115,473 accidents, 3971 fatal.

Of last year's fatal accidents horse-drawn vehicles caused 217; pedal bicycles, 229; tramcars and trackless trolley cars, 124; omnibuses and motor coaches, 522; and motor-cars, motor-lorries, and motor-cycles, 2879.

It is interesting to know that, while there were more street accidents and more people killed, the number of children killed in the streets of London is less now than six years ago. No doubt the teaching of Safety First has much to do with this.

## THE ALL-STEEL TRAIN

### Making Railway Travel Safer

After the steel house the steel train. And none will object to this, because the railway coaches which are now being constructed to the order of the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway will give the traveller greater safety and no less comfort of his journey.

In a collision the steel coach would offer far more resistance to the danger of telescoping and the more appalling risk of catching fire than the wooden framed railway carriage.

The passengers who went on the first trial run of the new all-steel train between London and Birmingham declared that so well were the coaches balanced on their steel springs that there was even less vibration than usual, and that the journey appeared to be singularly free from the noises inseparable from the wooden coach, the joints and timbers of which must creak under the strain put on them in a fast run.

Even the steel-framed coach is not the last word in construction, for alloys are altering every year the character of steel itself, and there may be some day trains which will be made throughout with rustless steel. Picture on page 12

## SATURN AT HIS NEAREST

### BEAUTY OF THE RINGED PLANET

A Radiant World with a Retinue of Moons

### GLOBE AS BIG AS 760 EARTHS

By the G.N. Astronomer

The great planet Saturn will on Friday, May 14, be at his nearest to us and 828,200,000 miles away; so he will then appear at his largest and brightest for this year.

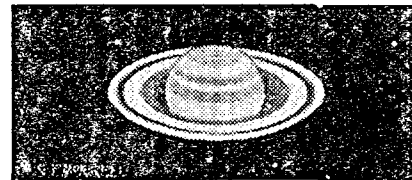
There will, however, be no appreciable diminution of his apparent size or brilliance for the next few weeks.

Rising in the south-east a little before 9 p.m., Saturn may be easily identified, being the brightest luminary in that part of the sky, some way below and to the left of Arcturus.

It requires a powerful telescope to realise the wonderful beauty of this immense world, a globe 230,000 miles round and large enough to contain the material of 760 worlds the size of ours.

To see Saturn with his radiant rings and retinue of moons gradually travel into the field of view of a telescope is one of the loveliest sights in the heavens. When seen through an instrument with lenses 8 to 10 inches in diameter, probably six of his moons will be apparent.

First one moon will appear, probably Iapetus or the brilliant Titan; then another one or two, amid a rapidly rising dawn that appears to light up one side of the field of view in the



The present appearance of Saturn

telescope. Soon a bright spot appears and, rising like a mountain of light, soon proves to be the advancing rings.

For an instant they form an arch of light, and a momentary glimpse through the arch into the eternity of space is obtained before Saturn is seen.

Then he is found to be completely encircled with what looks like a luminous disc with a great hole in it, in which Saturn appears to float. The space between his surface and the inner edge of the ringed disc is about 16,000 miles.

At present this disc-ring is tilted toward us, as shown in the accompanying picture. Later on in the year a dark shadow will be seen across this luminous disc. It will be beyond the upper left-hand side of Saturn's globe, but seen inverted in most astronomical telescopes. This is where his immense body cuts off the sunlight from that part of the disc.

Close inspection will show that this disc is cut through all the way round, and that there are an inner and outer ring; this is called Cassini's division. The inner ring is about 18,000 miles wide and the outer nearly 11,000 miles, the dark space between them being about 2300 miles across.

Joined to the inner ring and between it and Saturn's surface is a faint, semi-transparent disc about 10,000 miles wide, called the Crêpe Ring, through which Saturn's body is perceptible.

These radiant discs have an outer circumference of 530,000 miles, and suggest a gigantic motor-racing track round Saturn; while here and there may be seen some of Saturn's nearer moons, not far from the ring's outer edge, like celestial lamps.

Even a small telescope with an object-glass 2 inches in diameter will show Saturn's globe, the ring, and his great moon Titan. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Jupiter in the south-east; Saturn as above in the evening.



# SMITH OF ST. QUENTIN'S

## A Risky Adventure

## By Gunby Hadath

### CHAPTER 13 A Prefect at Work

HALF-PAST five had just struck that same afternoon. Upon the grimy iron railings in front of St. Quentin was hanging a brand new jacket of fashionable cut. It seemed to resent its ignominious position, for its collar had lumped itself into a pathetic sort of knot and one of the sleeves trailed despondently on the ground, very close to two filthy rags and a vast tin of brass polish.

The coat belonged to John Andrew, who had just shed it. The rags and the brass polish were also John Andrew's by purchase, together with a magnificent piece of wash-leather, smelling and looking far too fresh and clean to be used. He eyed the lot proudly before throwing his basilisk stare upon that disreputable plate that announced through its verdigris that St. Quentin was a Day and Boarding School for Young Gentlemen. No doubt that shocking plate shivered under his stare, which grew sterner and more accusing as he tucked up his shirt-sleeves.

As a matter of fact he was about to enjoy himself thoroughly. When he had finished with that plate, he was telling himself, Chowler would be able to see every inch of his ugly face in it.

At it, then! Polish and rags to rub off the verdigris. John Andrew, as we know, had two mottoes. One was: "Good grub and plenty of it." The second: "One thing at a time." He lived up to both.

So he rubbed and rubbed until he was all in a glow and had quite a lot of brass-polish on his clothes. But the verdigris took more shifting than he expected, so that presently his aching arms wanted a rest. And while he took breath, growing more and more pleased with himself, he couldn't help his thoughts returning to Fruppeny.

Rather bad luck that old Frupp had been too bowled over by his choking fit and that scraggy master's appearance to be equal to deciding it there and then. But at any rate he had agreed to keep mum till tomorrow, or till the day after if he couldn't get an *exeat* tomorrow. You could see that Frupp didn't want to turn out of St. Quentin's. All he was jibbing at was the thought of his people.

"But we'll soon fix them, won't we?" said John Andrew to the brass plate.

His confidant's smeared features returned mute assent.

Of course, his thoughts ran on, if Fruppeny decided that he daren't stay where he was their mistake would want more explaining through this delay. He hoped that Fruppeny would have the sense to see that. Hadn't he promised that when he kept his appointment before Prep. with Mr. Dean he would invent some excuse for asking to see him; and so, having sort of confirmed himself as their right J. A. Smith, he would find it more of a business to own up afterwards.

"Much more of a business!" John Andrew told his brass plate.

For himself it would be simple at any old time. Maggy was all right, a regular sportsman. He had only to say, "Mr. Meggs, it's funny, but I've discovered that I don't belong to your school," and the old man would raise his nose half an inch from his book and grunt, "Oh, don't you? Clear out then!"—and out he would walk. Not quite so easy as that, perhaps, but jolly nearly.

Still, Frupp *must* agree. For by hook or by crook he'd cling on here. If he stayed he could polish this jolly old plate every week!

With this he snatched up the wash-leather and fell to once more, hissing like a groom to a horse while he rubbed. Never since it left the

engraver's hands had that venerable brasswork looked so saucy.

"Old man," he informed it, "I believe you think you're a light-house!"

Whereupon he released his coat from its sordid suspension and, collecting his tin of polish, his dirty rags, and his wash-leather, he pushed through the lopsided gate and went toward the house.

To watch him making his lingering progress within, one gloomy leg dragged sluggishly after the other, one would never have suspected that he had been enjoying himself, and was proposing, all being well, to enjoy himself more. At any rate, it didn't look like that to Chowler, who, sprawling among the remains of tea on the table, was laying down the law when John Andrew entered.

### CHAPTER 14 Rousing Him Up

As soon as Chowler clapped his eyes on the newcomer he rose and stationed himself in front of the fire, smoothing his dank hair with an elegant hand.

Beyond that leering gibe at his name last night and this morning's assistance to a closer acquaintance with the road John Andrew had no special reason for disliking Chowler. But his long nose, which stuck out so sharply, looked made to be pulled, and John Andrew knew that he would never rest till he had pulled it.

"You're too late to get any tea!" crowed Chowler with gusto, always having a welcome for other folks' mishaps. "You'll have to wait till supper now, and serve you right."

The four other boarders, to whom he had been laying down the law, started as John Andrew meandered up; and, remembering the staring performance at breakfast signalled: "Look out! Don't go, and get Chowler's back up."

For their great man was bad company with his "back up." Then he would proclaim himself Maggy's right hand and proceed to execute much haphazard justice. And, indeed, his position there gave him every chance. Too young to be a man and too old to be a boy he was both when it suited him. In the bygone days they would have termed him a parlour-boarder, a privileged species of pupil aloof from the herd.

Parents of day boys always mistook him for a junior master; which afforded him the liveliest gratification. Very likely Mr. Meggs encouraged this illusion. Accordingly Chowler was feeling highly incensed that this new brat hadn't taken him for one. But perhaps it wasn't too late yet.

So he stroked his lip and jerked up his neck in its high, creaky collar, and altogether looked imposing and fine. He pointed to the cloth and then to the bell with a gesture that commanded "Away with those tea things!" Two boys flung themselves at that ancient contrivance the bell, and after a rocking jangle which flooded the house a maid arrived and began to remove the cloth.

"Er—has the Headmaster—aw—come in yet?" drawled Chowler.

The girl almost dropped to hear Mr. Meggs called The Headmaster. She didn't dispute at all that he was the Headmaster, but she had never heard a boy call him that before! She and cook always called him Old Maggy, like everyone else.

The Headmaster! Oh, my! And in that stately tone! She opened her mouth and gaped. That was all she could do.

"The Chief—aw. Has the Chief—aw—returned?" swaggered Chowler.

The Chief! This was worse and worse. Her mind immediately darted off to the pictures and saw Old Maggy with tomahawk, war-paint, and feathers. This started her tittering.

"Stop that!" thundered Chowler. But the wretched girl couldn't stop till she had had her laugh out. Then at last she uttered: "Do you mean Mr. Meggs, Mr. Chowler?"

And Chowler retorted: "Who else would I mean, you great idiot!"

"Don't call me names, please," she rejoined.

"I shall," said Chowler, thrusting out his long nose, "call you whatever I like. You're a senseless idiot and ape." And he glanced at the rest to show what a dasher he was.

At once a voice whose accents were of the dreariest contributed a selection to this breezy dialogue. The selection it obliged with sounded as follows:

"Only cads would talk to girls that way."

This contribution, which was modest enough in itself, might certainly be said to have scored a success. If two smothered guffaws and two furtive smirks and Chowler's red, burning cheeks signalled anything they signalled a hit.

In the diversion the maid backed away toward the door, and John Andrew, having gravely opened it for her, watched her go and wandered up to the fireplace.

"Did you say that?" Chowler demanded.

The culprit's answer was his basilisk stare.

"I know it was you, Smith. So it's no good denying it."

John Andrew stared on.

"Come here! I've stood enough. It's time you went through it."

On stared the candidate.

He was thinking that it would not be according to plan if he let Long Nose put him "through it." It was Long Nose himself who had to go through it, sooner or later, this evening or tomorrow. However, his fixed and glassy expression concealed these rapt thoughts, nor did it flicker till a shambling step sounded behind him and the voice of Mr. Meggs saluted his ears.

"Ah, Smith," it inquired, "have you had any tea?"

"Yes, heaps, sir," he responded. "I had some in Tidigate."

Then suddenly he was aware that his clothes were all brass polish and, anxious to escape being asked how it got there (because he wanted his fine piece of work to cause a surprise when in all its glory it burst on their view in the morning), he repeated, "Yes, no end of tea, sir," and slipped from the room.

Directly he had gone the old gentleman turned to the others.

"We must do our best," he announced, "to make that little fellow feel at home. He has never been away from his people before. He's a nice, quiet little chap; don't you find him so, Chowler?"

"Very, sir," said Chowler, after a pause.

Appealing to him again, as he generally did, the old gentleman continued his interesting estimate.

"Of course," he explained, "the lad's nervous and timid to start work. And how melancholy he looks! He'll be home-sick, poor fellow. We must rouse him up. Do you think you could rouse him up, Chowler?"

"I think I could, sir," said Chowler, in a strong voice.

"Capital! Do your best for him."

"Sir," said Chowler, very firmly, "I will."

So as soon as Mr. Meggs had shambled away, not to be seen by them any more till supper, Chowler, in pursuance of his virtuous promise, sent Robson and another to fetch back John Andrew.

Robson said to him, "Do a bunk while there's time, and we'll say that we couldn't find you," and his co-escort nodded. But John Andrew, looking the very picture of misery, merely replied that it was very decent of Chowler to want to see him again so soon, and accompanied them.

He found that the decks had been partly cleared in his absence. The long table had found its way from the middle of the room to the wall, and the extra space thus provided was nicely picked out by two chairs placed on either side of the fireplace; that is to say, two on each side, and one of each occupied by Blenkinsop and Wattle, seated expectantly. Between them, with his majestic back to the fire still, stood Chowler in an attitude full of purpose.

He beckoned Robson to the vacant chair on his right. Jibbett, as the second escort was called, was beckoned to the vacant chair on his left. Both meekly obeyed.

John Andrew, when he perceived this charming arrangement, allowed an odd little gleam to glint in his eye, and, amicably inquired, "I say! Where do I squat?"

His mouth twitched when he saw Robson shiver at this.

Chowler answered, "You don't squat. You're going to kneel."

"I see," droned John Andrew, giving Wattle his stare for a change.

"What do you mean, Smith, by speaking to me as you did? Don't you know that I'm almost the same as a master?"

"How jolly for the masters!" uttered John Andrew.

"No more of this impudence—"

"But why is it impudence, Chowler? I've made up my mind that when I've got a lot of sons, Chowler, I'll pack them all straight off to you—to learn manners."

On which Robson nearly shivered himself off his chair.

"Now, look here!" roared Chowler.

"I am looking—hard!" sighed John Andrew, and releasing his stare from Wattle he fixed it on Jibbett.

"You've got to go down on your knees and apologise, Smith."

John Andrew spread his handkerchief on the floor. "Anything else?" he inquired very complacently.

"Yes. You'll say Mister Chowler in future when you address me."

"Although I am a prefect?" John Andrew asked blandly.

"Yes, although you're a sort of prefect," frowned Chowler. "Well, now then, young Smith, down you go on your knees and apologise. Repeat what I say after me. Are you ready? Begin. 'I, little smug Smith—'"

"Half a sec.!" cried John Andrew, who had gracefully dropped to his knees and in that attitude was regarding Chowler most mournfully. "Please, Chowler, will you promise me something first?"

"Promise you something!" barked Chowler.

"Yes, please, will you promise me something if I apologise?"

"Well," said Chowler, loftily, "and what's that?"

"Please, Chowler, may I give your nose a good pull?"

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Tortoise

It had been a great trial to little Widow Hadassah bringing up her only son without the help and advice of a man, for when the lad was but a child his father had died, and Shabdiz was of a very different nature from his gentle, active little mother.

He was now a strapping youth of some fourteen years, and as unwilling a boy as you could ever find. Together they lived in a village in one of the outlying parts of Persia, and Shabdiz would have been in a bad way but for the ceaseless attentions of his mother. But there are times when even a mother can become exasperated, and today Widow Hadassah was beyond herself.

"How many more times am I to ask thee to take that basin of milk to yonder pilgrim? Is it such a very dreadful thing I ask thee to do? Is it too much trouble even to walk a few paces to give food to a poor, weary traveller?"

"And why should I go?" answered the boy rudely. "That man looks healthy enough to earn his own food. I do not think he ought to be encouraged to beg."

"That comes well from thee, my son," answered his mother sharply; "if thou wert left to fend for thyself it is as likely as not thou wouldst choose the easiest means of earning thy bread and butter. Besides, who knows what difficulties this man has had to overcome? To every well there is a bottom, and an end even to my patience."

Shabdiz knew just how far he could go with his mother, and though he saw he would have to carry the pitcher he was determined the pilgrim should not get the milk. Rising as slowly and laboriously from his seat as possible, he dragged himself across the room, being as irritating as he could to his mother—for irritating it is for a quick, active person to watch the tarrying, dawdling ways of a lazy person. Carelessly taking up the pitcher he slunk out of the room, and down the road.

Scarcely had he gone than there was a crash and the sound of broken china.

"Oh, that boy, that boy!" said Widow Hadassah, putting her hands up to her ears. "If he has not been and spilt the milk, and broken my best pitcher too. Was there ever such a boy?" she added, hurrying to the door, to see the extent of the damage done. "May Allah treat him as he deserves."

No sooner were the words out of her mouth, than the broken pieces of the pitcher fastened altogether on the boy's back, thereby making him a shell which he was destined to carry for all time.

So runs the old Persian legend. The natives believe that the tortoise was indeed a boy, and their name for a tortoise Qasseh pusht, meaning basin-back, lends truth to the story.

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# Life Now Falls Upon a Day in the Merry Month of May

## D! MERRYMAN

A YOUNG farm-hand had been called as a witness during the trial of a case. A lawyer said to him:

"You say that you were present when Mr. Jones was offered the money. On what ground did he refuse it?"

"Well, so far as I remember," said the flustered farm-hand, "it was the ground between the pump and the house."

### What Am I?

OFF sought in the country, much prized in the town,  
Like a king, above all, I can boast of a crown;

I'm seen in most colours, am brown, black, or white,  
Blue, green, grey, or red; and when good I am light;

In demand with both sexes, selected with care,  
I'm prized by most men and add grace to the fair;

Of no use to my owner while kept in his sight,  
I attend him by day and sometimes by night.

Answer next week

### Light Reading

"I WANT a list of current literature, please," said the customer.

"Yes, sir," said the very young assistant, "we have all the latest books on electricity."

### Do You Live at Leicester?

IN the old spelling the name was Leicestre and Leicestr, which means the camp on the Leir. Leir was the old name for the River Soar, but its origin is not certain. Possibly it is connected with the Welsh verb llithro, meaning to slip or glide. Leicester was, of course, a Roman camp or fortification.

WHAT is it that flies high, flies low, has no feet, and yet wears shoes out? Dust.

### Refreshments en Route

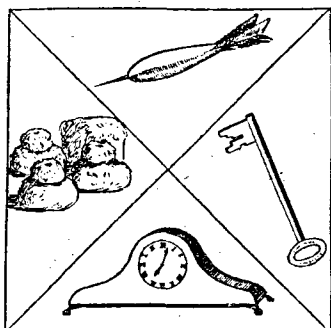
A WALRUS who'd reached the Pacific  
Complained that the heat was terrific;  
But a sixpenny ice  
Put him right in a trice,  
And a bun made his tour beatific!

### Full Measure

THE street-corner orator was telling of some of his personal misfortunes.

"For many years," he shouted, "my cup of sorrow has been overflowing, but now, alas, I find that it is not yet full."

### A Picture Puzzle



WRITE down the names of the four objects shown here and then, by taking one letter from each word, the names of three birds can be formed—a bird that cannot sing, a bird that does sing, and a bird that is a symbol of gentleness. Each bird's name, of course, has four letters.

Solution next week

WHY would a sixth sense be undesirable?  
Because it would be a new sense (nuisance).

### Out of Order



ENTANGLED in  
A battered tin  
This careless salmon thought,  
"That I am here  
Is very queer—  
I'm canned before I'm caught!"

### A Useful Idea

"MR. MUDDLE," said the manager to one of his clerks, "the book-keeper tells me that you have lost the key of the safe and he cannot get at the books."

"Yes, sir, one of them. You gave me two, you remember."

"Well, what have you done with the duplicate?"

"I took great care of that, sir. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"Then you can find the other one?"

"Yes, sir. I put it where there is no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."

### A Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in juggle but not in trick,

My second's in cutting but not in prick,

My third is in leaping but not in jump,

My fourth is in cistern but not in pump,

My fifth is in bushel but not in ton,

My sixth is in sorrow but not in fun,

My seventh's in castle but not in house,

My eighth is in cockroach but not in mouse,

My ninth is in every but not in all,

My tenth is in stockade but not in wall,

My eleventh's in anchor but not in ship,

My twelfth is in birches but not in whip,

My whole is the work of a writer great,

Think, now, with care, and the answer state.

Answer next week

### Laughter

"I LAUGH," a wise philosopher cried,

"At everyone who laughs at me."

"My word!" a sneering friend replied,

"How very merry you must be!"

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Built-Up Word. Madam, Adam, Ada

Simple Arithmetic

The old price was 4d. a dozen, or three for a penny; the new price was 3d. a dozen, or four for a penny.

What Am I? A spoon

Who Was He? The Great Navigator was Magellan

## Jacko Paints a Picture

A DOLPHUS was rather clever with his pencil. He often made nice little sketches, and sometimes he was even lucky enough to sell them. "It's the artistic temperament," he told everybody. "I find drawing as easy as winking."

Jacko pricked up his ears when he heard that. He thought he had better develop an artistic temperament if it meant more pocket-money.

"It's the easiest job I know," he declared. "I shall take it up seriously."

Adolphus was specially keen on doing little sketches of the village. When he started off with his easel one afternoon Jacko thought he had better go out too.

"I shall do a picture of the railway station," he said, with a pleased smile, and he started off feeling very important.

But when he got to the station he found he had forgotten to bring a camp stool with him. There was nothing for it but to sit on the pavement.

And there he sat for quite a long time, splashing the paint about and imagining everybody must think him very clever.

"There's no doubt I'm attracting a lot of attention," he said to himself.

Nobody offered to buy his picture, but a lot of people threw him pennies. Jacko couldn't make it out at all until a police-



It wasn't Jacko. It was Adolphus!

man, who had been watching him suspiciously, came striding up and laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Be off with you," he said gruffly. "No pavement artists allowed here."

Jacko was wild. He held up his picture with a lordly air and told the policeman that he was a real artist.

"Just look at what I'm painting!" he exclaimed. "You've never seen anything like that before."

"You're right," replied the policeman with a loud laugh. "If that's a railway station I'm a Dutchman!"

Jacko told him he was very rude, but the policeman didn't mind a bit. He said orders were orders, and told Jacko to "move along sharp." And Jacko had to go. He packed up his things and moved away, as huffy as could be.

The policeman walked off with a chuckle. But he wasn't good-tempered for very long, for soon after he caught sight of somebody doing a sketch of the pond on the village green.

"Well, I never! He's had the impudence to set up again!" he exclaimed. And he charged down on the offender with a loud roar.

There was a crash and a scuffle and a yell, and in the end both the policeman and his victim rolled into the pond.

"I'll see you pay for this!" shouted the policeman, as he scrambled out of the pond all covered with duckweed.

But it wasn't Jacko at all. It was Adolphus!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### Noiseless Aeroplanes

Some interesting experiments are being carried out to lessen the noise made by aeroplanes, especially the large passenger aeroplanes, when in flight.

A means has been discovered in the workshops of so controlling the noise of the engines and the propeller that it is hoped that only a faint murmur will be heard by the passengers.

The tests will be put into practice on a Vickers-Rolls-Royce air liner.

### Les Aeroplanes Silencieux

On est en train de faire des essais intéressants pour amoindrir le bruit que font les avions en volant, surtout les grands avions pour le service des passagers.

On a découvert dans les ateliers un moyen de régler le bruit que font les machines et l'hélice, si bien qu'on espère qu'à l'avenir les passagers n'entendront qu'un faible murmure.

Ces essais vont être appliqués à un avion Vickers-Rolls-Royce.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## The Old Penny

ETHEL and Peter came running into the garden in great excitement.

"Look!" cried Peter. "We met Uncle John on his way to the station, and he gave us each a new penny to spend. Don't you wish you'd been with us, Trevor?" and he held up a bright, shining penny. "Come on, Ethel, let's go to Mr. Wilson's and buy sweets."

Trevor looked enviously at the other two; but he was not to be outdone.

"I've got a penny too," he said stoutly; "I dug it up in my garden yesterday."

"Pooh!" laughed Ethel, "it's only an old French penny. It's not worth anything."

"I'll show you," said Trevor; stumping off to his garden on his fat legs.

The two followed, laughing and teasing as Trevor carefully uncovered a flower-pot in his garden and produced, among various treasures, a battered-looking coin.

"But it's no good," said Peter. "Mr. Wilson won't give you any sweets for it."

"Yes, he will," said Trevor stoutly; "you'll see."

Ethel and Peter teased their brother unmercifully all the way along; but Trevor clenched the coin tightly in his hand and stuck to his resolve.

"I want a pennyworth of chocolate drops, please," he said to Mr. Wilson when they got to the shop.

"It isn't really a penny," explained Ethel, "but he would come. And we told him it wouldn't buy anything."



"It's no good," said Peter

Poor Trevor looked anxiously up at the grocer as he examined the old coin. "It's a penny I dug up in my garden," he said.

Mr. Wilson put the coin on the counter and opened his till.

"Well, it isn't an English penny, sonny," he said kindly; "but I know a gentleman who collects old coins, and I know he'll be glad to have this. How would it do if I gave you two real pennies for it?"

Trevor's face beamed with delight. He had come off even better than Ethel and Peter.



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 8, 1926

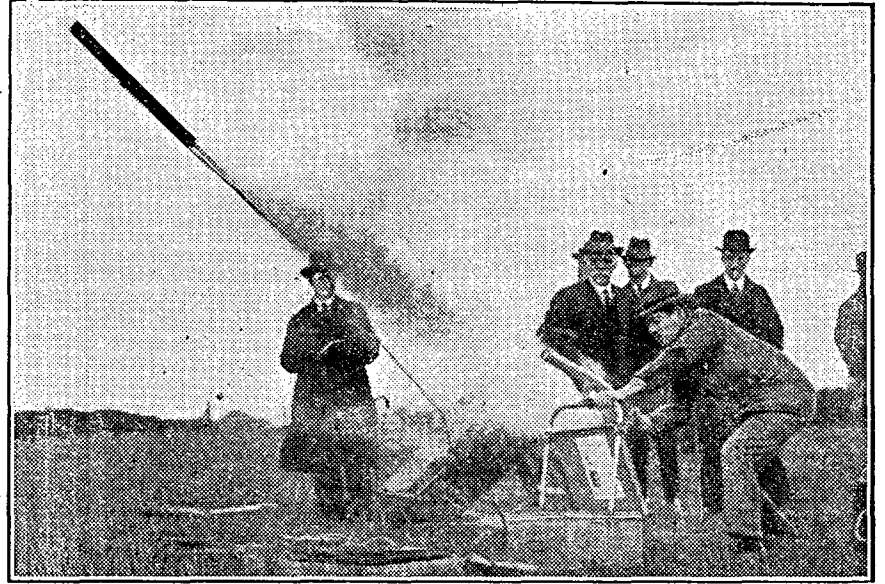
Every Thursday, 2d.

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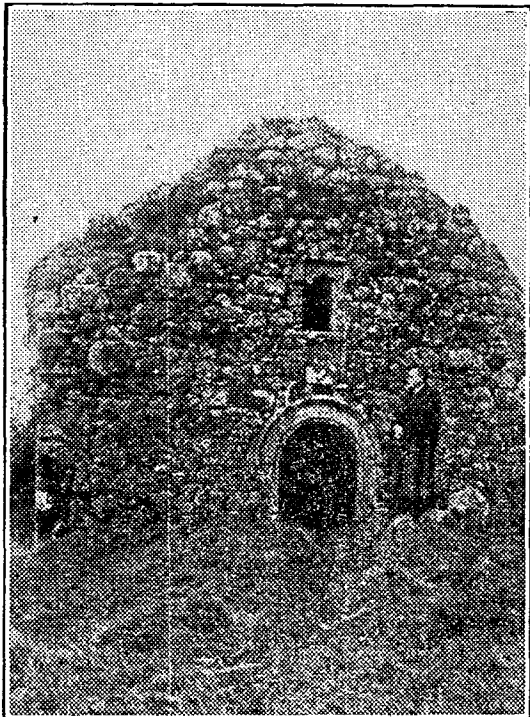
## ALL-STEEL TRAIN • SACRED SHRINE OF MECCA • WOMEN AT FIRE DRILL



**A Train Made of Steel**—The London, Midland, and Scottish Railway is building passenger coaches of steel. Here we see the first steel train leaving Euston for Birmingham. See page 9



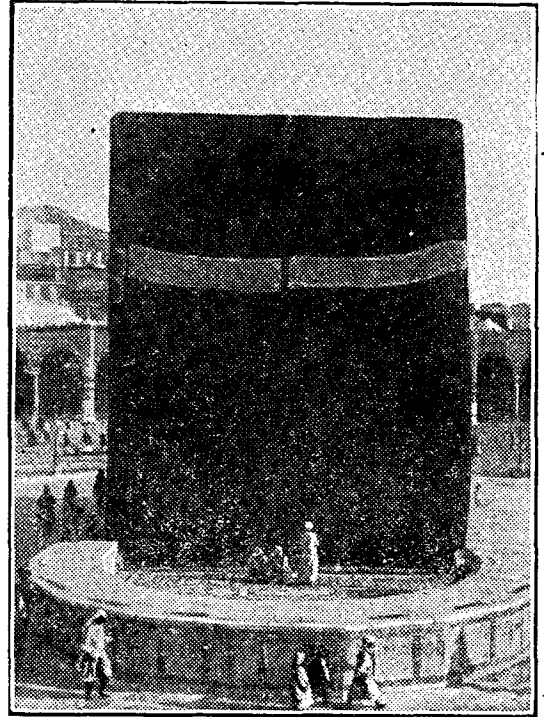
**For Saving Life at Sea**—A new rocket which will carry a life-line 250 yards against a strong wind is here seen being demonstrated by its inventor before officials of the Board of Trade



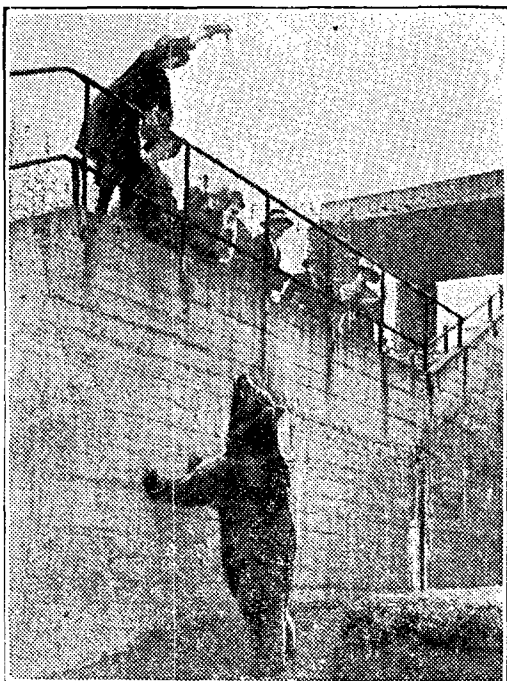
**Where Goldsmith's Father Preached**—Plans are being made for saving the ruined church at Kilkenny West, Ireland, where Oliver Goldsmith's father preached. He was the country preacher who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year" in the poem *The Deserted Village*



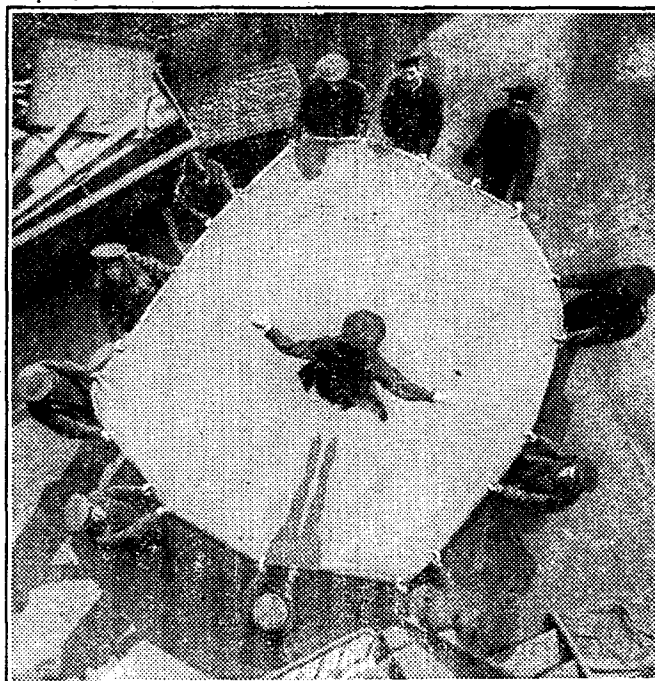
**A Monkey Travels Across the World**—This little monkey, which has been named Zippe, was born in a Brazilian jungle, but for some time he has been living in Paris. Now he has gone to America, and in this picture we see him arriving at New York with his owner, warmly wrapped in a woollen suit and a shawl



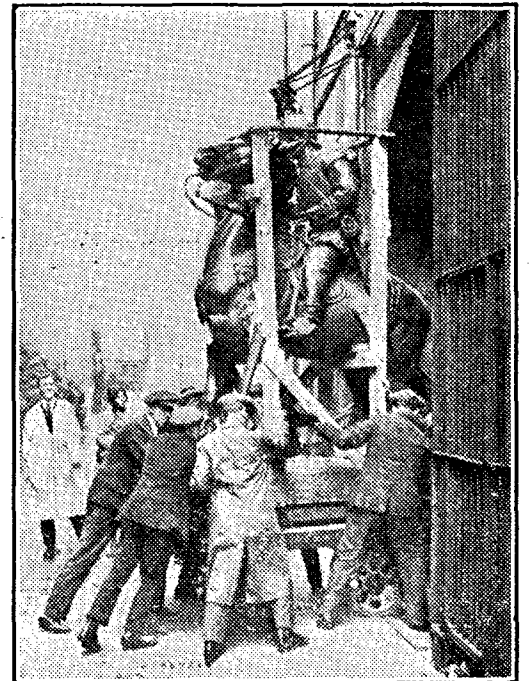
**A Photograph From Mecca**—This is the first close-up photograph ever taken of the Kaaba, or brocade-covered temple inside the Mosque at Mecca, the most sacred spot in the Moslem world. It contains in the wall a meteorite, known as the Black Stone, which is kissed by pilgrims



**A Bear that Begs to Order**—Although this bear on the Mappin Terraces at the London Zoo is never really hungry he is always ready to please his many admiring young visitors by begging for a morsel of food



**Fire Drill in a London Factory**—A big firm that employs over a thousand women in London has formed among them a well-equipped fire brigade. In this picture we see one of the girls jumping from a window into a sheet held by other members of the brigade. They all wear uniforms



**A Big Exhibit Arrives at the Academy**—The Royal Academy Exhibition which opened this week contains a fine statue from the Galashiels war memorial, which we see here being taken into Burlington House

## THE IMMORTAL VOYAGE OF AN UNKNOWN MAN—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MAY

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R